THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Founded 1815

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VOLUME 240 DECEMBER 1935 NUMBER 3

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published quarterly by the North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 597 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price $1.00 a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.25; foreign countries, $4.50. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Foreword

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AN INTERVIEWER asked Henry Ford, the other day, what he thought were the best features and the worst features of the New Deal. "I think probably it's all good" was Mr. Ford's prompt reply. "I think it's probably all good because it gives people experience. We learn only by experience."

There is a school of thought — labeled the Old Guard — which believes that a lot of the experience to which we are being subjected is unnecessary, but the Old Guard is notoriously intolerant. There was no practical and thorough way to explode the dreams of our contemporary utopians except by giving them a chance to see what they could do. Upton Sinclair was a plausible and dangerous fanatic until he secured the nomination for the governorship of California; now he is just another has-been. Father Coughlin attained the front page and political notoriety via the radio; but this very notoriety put him out of favor in the church, instead of lifting him into real political prominence. Professor Warren cut his own throat when he cut the gold content of the dollar, but failed to produce a millennium. Huey Long was a martyr to his own precepts: if he had not corrupted even the medical department of his state, it is alleged his life might have been saved. Rexford Tugwell, Felix Frankfurter and their colleagues have erected a superb object lesson in the honors of bureaucracy.

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Of course, this utopian business does not exactly form a new chapter in our history. Few people who read newspaper accounts of the TVA, the Alaska homestead project, and the other collectivist schemes which infest the New Deal, seem to realize that the history of white men on the American continent is almost a parade of such dreams-come-true (or almost true). Jamestown, the earliest settlement on our shores, was one of these; and later Plymouth followed, or tried to follow its pattern. The colonies of Georgia and Pennsylvania, as well as many others, were founded as miniature utopias designed to carry out somebody's ideal. Thomas Hooker and his followers carried their ideals, as well as their women, children, cattle, pots and pans, into the wilderness to found Connecticut; while Roger Williams, animated by identical motives, found his way to Rhode Island. Immediately after the Revolution, the Vicomte de Noailles established, and soon abandoned, a settlement on the north branch of the Susquehanna appropriately called Asylum. Of all the utopian projects the Mormon hejira was the most remarkable, if Thoreau's vigil at Walden was the most solitary. All of these, and many others, were searching for perfection. None found it, to be sure, but out of their idealism they carved our nation. Is it any wonder that this curious quality of mind, indigenous to our climate, persists? We shall always go on dreaming about the perfect community and its many manifestations: rural electrification, urban hygiene, privileges for the underprivileged, full dinner pails for the shiftless, and automobiles for everybody.

The failure to recognize this deep-seated American quality accounts for a good deal of the confusion and bewilderment which infests our thinking today. Political writers refer to conservatives and liberals (borrowing the

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names from English journals of opinion) without recognizing that these are not and never have been American categories. Our true division is into idealists and pragmatists. The conflict between the two points of view is easily traceable, because at the outset of the Republic it was dramatized by two of its greatest figures, Jefferson and Hamilton. Our history is the conflict between the two, a succession of transcendent dreams and devastating disillusionment. We take to Stock Market gambling as naturally as ducks to water, because it is a sport which conforms to our temperament: fanciful prophecies, exaggerated enthusiasms, occasionally punctured by disillusionment. When economic theories fail to rescue us from a depression, some new dream does the trick. Leave it to the automobile manufacturers to discover streamlining and the Warner Brothers, Shakespeare.

Incidentally, their current production "A Midsummer Night's Dream" really deserves some comment. The Warner Brothers are not soft-headed, and they do not produce art for art's sake. They recognized that something had to be done — the movies were losing their grip on the people. Glamorous girls, gunmen, trained animals, dancers, comedians, G-men, sophisticates, Irish mothers, nude chorines, little boys, little girls, all the pragmatic devices had lost their old appeal. So the Warner Brothers sent for Reinhardt and Shakespeare (they probably did not know he was dead).

The movies afford the finest medium for artistic expression which has as yet been evolved, and they may be on the threshold of a period comparable to the Elizabethan age in the drama. Some directors are beginning to perceive the true relationships between photography, music and the human mind, and to develop the technique of suggestion. If, in the last analysis, art as well

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as natural beauty are recognized by a sensation of ecstasy, a synthesis of color, form and music affords an unparalleled opportunity for producing it.

Of course, ecstasy can be produced without mechanical contrivances. The value of poetry is undiminished by the evolution of photography and, fortunately, there are poets in America, as well as motion picture directors. Some of them, like Jesse Stuart, live in the country, far from New York, Chicago, and even Hollywood. Although he has occasionally wandered from the Kentucky Mountains, he has never left them for long. In the winters he teaches in the neighborhood school, summers he farms his 102 acre farm (it has two acres of bottom land). He understands and loves his native hills as he understands and loves the power of words. With the spirit of independence which once typified the American farmer, he accepts no government bounties and allows no one to interfere with his freedom. Being a student, he may be familiar with Jefferson's warning: "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap we should soon want bread."

J. P.

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Songs of a Mountain Plowman

JESSE STUART

Here are the songs I give you: a wisp of leaves;
Green pines — white evening skies — a bowl of blue;
A world of dirt — a wind among the trees —
These things to leave or take them as you please.
But these are things I freely give to you.
Such are the things I love: a clover lane,
And bees aworking on the clover tops —
The blackberry blossoms drinking fresh spring rain,
And soft winds gently swaying green beech tops.
These are the things I love — I say, I love —
These little things that I'm a singing of.
And reader, I would love to walk with you;
On our dirt earth: upon this bowl of blue;
I'd love to walk with you and talk with you.

We stand here idle, half afraid to stir.
We cannot even find the path to take.
Too many roads are leading everywhere,
Through pasturefields, cornfields and brushy brakes.
Here are the skies: the good clean wind to breathe,
The deep rich loamy earth beneath our feet,
And here are many roads to take or leave;
Earth for the bed: the clean wind for the sheet.
I guess it does not matter much the way we go,
Or where we go, or when, or how, or why.
For we must keep our feet upon the earth
And we must live in wind beneath the sky.
The road lies here before me, if I lose
It is my fault: no certain road I choose.

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Now listen Plowman, listen! Don't you hear
The music in the pasture streams this year?
And don't you hear caroling of birds,
Songs sweeter than the songs of human words —
Songs lighter than the wind among the leaves.
I think the birds stole music from the leaves
When winds were blowing through the tops of trees.
That is the reason that the birds can sing
Much sweeter songs than I can sing this spring.
Now Plowman, let your tired mules rest a spell
And lean against the handles of your bull-tongue plow.
I know you cannot see the oak buds swell,
But you can listen to the song-birds now.
And don't you think the songs of corn-field birds
Are sweeter than the songs of human words?

The crickets sing and all around the heat
Glimmers like heat above a brush-pile fire;
And thousand-legs crawl out on a thousand feet,
And birds sing from a rusty barb-fence wire —
This is the day life is so lazy here
Among the wilted weeds and wilted leaves
That sag earthward from arms of the oak trees.
This is the day that writhing, hungry snakes
Crawl by the creek to get the lean bull-frogs.
This is the day the lizards lie on logs
And blink and blink their little beady eyes
And with lips tight look to the floating skies —
For soon they have their bellies filled with flies
And copperhead lies in the weeds in wait
Where soon a just-weaned rabbit meets its fate.

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I'm hungry Life for woods and rocks and skies
And for the fern-crowned cliffs and sky-blue streams;
I'm hungry Life for the old paradise
Of moss-soft woods where summer sunlight gleams.
I'm hungry Life — I want to walk alone
Where there are sounds of wind and wild bird calls —
I want to saunter out and touch the stone
Where over sandstones shirt-blue water falls.
I'm hungry Life for scent of leaf and bloom;
I'm hungry Life for a sweet breath of wind;
For in this peopled land there's little room
For mighty oaks for one to ramble in —
No room, O Life, amid this noise and gloom
For songs of birds and wind-grass tambourine.

We are the young today: the power is ours
To clear the hills of brush and plow the ground.
And all the hours we live are silver hours.
Fresh nourishment from earth is in our veins.
The life that's in young trees is in our veins.
We are the young, and beauty of the flowers
Makes strong impressive channels on our brains.
Look to the east and west: the purpling sky
Over the earth is lazily floating by —
We are the young and we can reach the sky;
Put out our hands: the sky will come to us;
The sky will come, a great white bird to us.
And for our loves green leaves will sing to us;
The green leaves and white lilting flowers
That hang out in the wind and love the hours.
We are the young today: the power is ours.

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America: the blood of you is in me!
America: the dirt of you is in me!
Root and blossom I belong to you!
And every leave that grows on this oak tree
Is made America, of dust of you!
America: it is your hills in me;
I never saw one of your western plains —
It is your ruggedness of hills in me
And toughness of fiber of the oak tree.
The toughness of the oak was in my sires;
The blood of mountain earth was in their veins.
Today, I must go marching, marching on
Carrying blood of my fathers mountain-born;
Men color of buff-colored autumn corn . . .

I hear the wind a-blowing across the land.
I love the music of the wind's wide sweep
As it blows through the brush across the land.
The music of the wind lulls me to sleep.
And long before the autumn has gone by
And multi-colored leaves cling to the boughs,
I love to hear this wind asweeping by
And watch the leaves go windward from the boughs.
For what is life without some music in it,
And what is sweeter music than the wind.
My friend our life span is a golden minute
And we had better find some music in it —
The wind is both a flute and violin.
I love to walk under night trees and listen
When moonlight, starlight on the dead earth glisten.

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I'm mad with this leaf-strewn November mood.
I'm mad for in this life is too much life —
A windy autumn mood is now my mood —
Something of autumn has crept into my blood.
Winds sigh through barren trees with lonely sound.
Wet autumn leaves stick closely to the ground
I'm mad with autumn for no reason why —
Not even for the windy autumn sky
That floats almost the level of the trees
Above the earth that's plastered with dead leaves.
I'm mad with autumn for I hear her gods
In winds above awhispering to the night;
Like the ghosts of dead leaves in an autumn flight.

Roll over clouds like ledges of thick stones!
Roll over me dark clouds — roll over fast!
Roll over me tonight . . . I am alone;
Far in these windy woods I am alone.
Roll over me you night clouds flying fast!
Lightning streak the valleys with quick light.
Flash deep into the heart of this black night!
Come on you rain and wet the parching night!
Roll over me you clouds in this clean January
And fall white tons of rain down on the timber.
Something there is about this night I love;
This night dark as a grave so gray above.
A whip of lightning and a crack of thunder.
Come on rain, sleet and snow and feed the timber!
Make this a night I always shall remember!

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Recovery of What?

CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

AT LAST the sun of recovery seems to be breaking through the fog of depression. After the false dawns of the past several years, that statement may suggest rash optimism. If so, it should not be charged to the writer alone. Eminent economists and industrialists have publicly pointed to multiplying signs that the ebb of the business tide has given place to a resurgent flood. Indeed, some declare that recovery is already here.

Whether these economic mariners are calculating the drift correctly is irrelevant to this discussion. Not that there is any intent to dismiss business recovery as inconsequential. That would be futile, for recovery is imperative. Nevertheless, trying to discern a significant pattern in the kaleidoscope of events — as every sentient being must now and then — it seems to the writer that there is something else that may be of equal, if not greater long-run importance than recovery itself: namely, our connotation, concept, philosophy, of recovery.

For most of us the word has come to possess compelling magic. It stands out enticingly in newspaper headlines, makes heartening music in the ear. But precisely what do we mean by recovery? No doubt that seems a stupid question. Anyone can describe, if not define, recovery. Its distinguishing characteristics are healthy profits, general employment at good pay, buoyant commodity and security markets, other manifestations of brisk commercial and industrial activity. In short, it represents everything people can buy and do with increased income.

This, however, is only the contemporary husk of the word. At heart it means to regain, recapture, repossess;

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which in turn implies a goal, an objective. Essentially, then, the question is: Just what are we hoping to attain once more; what are we expecting to lay hold of again?

Of course the answers vary as widely as the answerers. It is noteworthy, however, that virtually all of them can be expressed in terms of business charts and indices. The generally accepted goal of recovery is economic improvement. What we seem to be on the verge of repossessing are greater means of living, our industrial and commercial health — though not merely the spotty vigor of 1929. We are hoping — some of us are even resolved — that when it comes, recovery shall assure everyone the opportunity of having more of the things money can buy and do, than before the fateful dawn of "black Thursday."

This is both natural and legitimate. For six years, millions have been in varying degrees of want. Their need for what recovery can make possible, is no erudite abstraction. Moreover, in view of the grotesque inequalities of the boom years, no fair-minded person will deny the justice — not to mention the economic soundness — of broadening the purchasing-power base. Yet it is significant that the commonly held concept of recovery limits its objectives so sharply to economic improvement. That should become clear if one examines the situation more closely.

The 1929 depression was different from its predecessors: not so much in cause, intensity and duration, as in the efforts made to emerge from it. For the first time in our history the Federal government undertook the rôle of full-fledged economic physician. Using a thick sheaf of prescriptions too familiar to be listed here, it sought not only to relieve the symptoms but to stop the infection at its supposed source. Many of the medicines have been drastic and costly. Also, the great Washington specialist

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has employed plastic surgery and skin grafting. However, even more striking than this governmental therapy are its mentors and inspirers.

To an extent incomparably greater than any similar crisis, the 1929 depression enlisted the efforts of what are popularly known as the "theorists." These are not merely economists and sociologists, with a professional interest in such problems. They also include lawyers, clergymen, teachers, writers, engineers, scholars, humanitarians. Forsaking their briefs, charts and theses, they have set out on an intellectual crusade to — in their own phrase — end the sardonic spectacle of want in the midst of plenty. Considering the high-minded enthusiasm of most, it seems proper to call them idealists rather than theorists. Some have joined the Roosevelt Administration in official capacities. But the majority have continued their private pursuits, devotedly championing the "more abundant life." Probably no economic emergency has ever marshalled such an impressive array of brains and so much zeal for improving the common lot.

Either because or in spite of this government-idealist coalition (the point is still at issue) recovery is now within sight. Yet an ironic anomaly persists. It is the widespread disposition to believe that economic recovery automatically assures a solution of our basic difficulties.

If this view were limited to the "man in the street" and the "practical" politicians it would be quite understandable. The M. I. T. S. (using the Washington designation) is pretty certain to believe that virtually any difficulty can be resolved, given enough money. And of course the mill-run politician would never disillusion him if he could. But the view is not so limited.

It is also shared by most of the idealists who general-staff the crusade for human betterment. Here are no

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mediocre minds, no kowtowing to the multitude. As a group they represent much of the nation's first-rate ability, perhaps the bulk of its social vision. Yet most of them subscribe to the complacent belief that economic recovery automatically assures an end to our major difficulties.

To be sure, they rarely state the proposition in so many words. Nevertheless, the implication is plain. After reading their articles, or listening to their speeches, one can summarize their position thus: We need only clear up this economic mess, give everybody a good job, step up consumption to production — then "happy days" will be here again.

It would be pleasant indeed to concur in this comfortable view, the more when it has such eminent support. But, unfortunately, the facts do not permit it. At most, economic recovery can dispose of just one set of human problems, those arising from depressed business conditions. It not only fails to solve, but aggravates, a second set of problems, humanly far more serious than the first. For economic recovery merely assures more abundant means of living. It provides no clearer notion of the ends for which these means should be used.

There, it seems to this bystander, is the glaring anomaly of our recovery concept. Now that it is within sight, it turns out that what we have been struggling so desperately to regain these past six years is not an objective but merely better transportation. Where we propose to go in our swifter stream-lined vehicle remains as uncertain as ever.

The irony of the situation becomes the more pointed when one remembers that the idealists, rather than hard-headed business men, have supplied most of the inspiration and direction for our organized recovery effort. Yet they have committed the error least expected of them:

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glorifying the material and ignoring the intangible.

Theoretically, their recovery philosophy is that we must raise mass purchasing-power to an all-time high in order to assure richer, fuller living. That would be air-tight were it not for a wrong relation of the two factors. Instead of means and end, they have become coupled as cause and effect. Now the recovery thesis is warped into the contention that once mass pruchasing-power is stepped up sufficiently, richer, fuller living will follow.

To be fair, it must be said that this distortion is attributable more to emphasis than to direct statement. Analyzing the utterances of representative recovery zealots, it will be found that reams are devoted to the mechanics of the "more abundant life": shorter hours, higher pay, unemployment insurance, old age pensions, stabilized agriculture, conservation of resources, low-cost housing, cheaper electricity, and so on. Only brief vague paragraphs are devoted to what is to be done with these utopian blessings. Apparently that is taken for granted. Once such a wealth of facilities is provided, it is cheerfully assumed that the beneficiaries will make intelligent, constructive use of them, as inevitably as day follows night.

The best that can be said of such a feeling (scarcely reasoning) is that it betrays an almost ludicrous naïveté. To contend that more abundant means per se assure more abundant living, is as absurd as to expect skilled craftsmanship from a workman merely because he is equipped with precision tools. Which is to say, it ignores the vital element of the problem, the human factor.

That is not cynicism. Neither does it represent the sneer of a patrician, viewing the plight of the rabble from the remote heights of wealth. (The writer's background can scarcely be called aristocratic. And certainly

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he has had sufficient first-hand experience with dollar-stretching to leave no illusions about the "blessings" of poverty.) It is simply a candid statement of facts that should be obvious.

Notwithstanding all the real suffering incident to the depression and the galling inequities of boom times, the bitter tragedy or grim comedy of our civilization is that so many millions already live in a state that can be termed prosperous poverty. Let me clarify that perhaps contradictory phrase by citing examples.

The "Joneses" are an "average" family: parents, two sons, two daughters; the children past their majority. Despite the depression, all save the mother are employed at good jobs; the father and the boys in industrial plants, the girls in offices. And their "standard of living" bespeaks an ample income.

Their commodious house, which they own debt-free, is well-kept, comfortably if not tastefully furnished, and equipped with the modern conveniences. In the garage are three cars, all recent models. The family dresses well, the girls even conspicuously. Their table is spread with bountiful, though unimaginative meals. They take part in various social activities which entail expense. On vacation trips they have covered most of the country. Superficially, the Joneses are a case demonstration of what purchasing power can do to improve the status of the nation's backbone. But a glimpse beneath the surface discloses things not so heartening.

Most of the Joneses' reading is limited to the "funnies," the sports page and gossip columns. As regards music — provided by the radio — their tastes divide along the line of the generations, between hill-billy tunes and Tin Pan Alley. To them, the theatre means the movies — almost any movie. The bulk of Mr. Jones'

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conversation is shop-talk and ward politics. Mrs. Jones is a walking file of recipes and warm neighborhood gossip. Under a slick veneer of wisecracks, the boys are loutish. Women and cars are their obsessions; work a necessary evil. Despite makeup which changes with their worship of screen stars, the girls wear a look of blank animation. They chatter about clothes and men in slurred hoarse voices.

But wry as is their commentary on progress, the full significance of the Joneses can be seen only in historical perspective. Two generations ago a man of Jones' native ability would have been restricted to a career as tenant farmer or humble artisan. His sons would have been limited to pursuits only little better; his daughters to domestic service, if they found gainful employment at all. The family's standard of living would have been on a scale implicit in these conditions. It is the many times greater purchasing power put within reach of millions, by our modern economy, that has raised the Joneses to a status that would have been considered opulence fifty years ago. Yet, judged by the exacting criteria of intangible values, the contemporary Joneses lead lives little if any richer, fuller, happier than their grandparents.

This personalizes the stubborn fact that the physical equipment which determines what we carelessly call the standard of living, is merely the machinery of living. Its human value is measured solely and directly by the use to which it is put. Of course that should be self-evident. But, bewilderingly, it is overlooked by a high proportion of the very group which should be most sensitive to imponderables.

The tactical objectives of the social prophets are such things as a higher minimum income, better housing, adequate medical care. In themselves, these are beyond

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reproach. However, the current over-emphasis of them has the lamentable effect of putting the cart before the horse, obscuring the intangible factors that are paramount. Thousands of families are living richly on far less than the $1800 to $2200 income variously set up as necessary for decency. There are slums on Park avenue while countless dingy flats are true mansions. And the most significant fact of modern health is the decisive influence of emotional states.

By implication at least, the idealists disregard all this, minimize the fundamental that the best things of life are cheapest, in terms of money. Paradoxically, they line up with the "desire-creating" forces of commercialism that make us covet most of the things money can buy, not so much for their intrinsic beauty or utility as for their attainment aura.

The grandiose vision which beckons the social philosophers is an economy under which group purchasing power shall be spread, and raised to the point where everyone may have relatively everything he wants. Certainly, if such a scheme could be put into effect, America would become an earthly paradise — save, that is, for an important question which remains unanswered. To what humanly constructive use will the recipients put the bounty poured out from the bigger and better horn of plenty?

Of course that will be branded as the rankest sort of "Tory" treason. According to our political philosophy, the use one makes of one's private means (provided, of course, that these means do not constitute the crime per se of "great wealth") is a strictly personal matter. It is for the individual, not society, to determine how they shall be employed.

Unfortunately, however, it is not an individual prob-

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lem. Our modern economy is so tightly articulated that the individual can do virtually nothing which does not affect others, and more than ever under the scheme of things envisioned by the recovery zealots.

Long before the depression typhoon struck, commerce and industry sought to make us voracious consumption machines. We were persuaded and adjured to eat, wear, use, more of this and that; not because we wanted to, but because it was our duty to devour the output of production.

The depression tightened this same obligation. We were repeatedly ballyhooed into buying "till it hurts" to stimulate employment. And since the Roosevelt administration came into power, our socio-economic responsibility has been extended in a score of ways, by legislation. The processing taxes force all of us to contribute to the increased income of the agricultural community. The NRA required all to provide greater earnings for another class of workers. Payroll taxes, shouldered by the consumer, are to finance the social security program. The TVA seeks to improve one section at the expense of the whole nation. And the current taxation set-up makes it expedient to spend any income in excess of comfort requirements.

In short, the tendency of our modern economy is to force each of us to earn more in order to provide a higher income for all the rest. That being the case, the question of the use to which this increased purchasing power is put, becomes a legitimate matter of general concern.

Is the opportunity for higher earnings to result in the deepening and enrichment of living? Or does it mean simply the addition of more millions to those who already exist in a condition of prosperous poverty? There, it seems to me, is the real hub of our recovery problem.

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Unless all indications are misleading, the innumerable counterparts of the "Joneses" will embark, as soon as possible, on a "more abundant life" distinguished by these striking advancements: an even faster car, still more fattening foods (alternated, of course, with spasmodic dieting, at least by the women), a louder radio, more silk and fur and cosmetics, four or five movies a week instead of the present two or three, more contract bridge at higher stakes, better cigarettes, more labor-saving appliances that create more leisure time to be "killed," bigger and better vacations measured in terms of hot-dog stands and new daily mileage records; the sort of existence climaxed by the futile pathos of retirement in Florida or California.

To be sure, education is supposed to be the infallible panacea. "College for everybody" was part of the late Huey Long's utopia. And the oracles of public enlightenment are rumbling — with convenient vagueness — about the necessity of more training for living. But the help to be expected from formal education is slight indeed. The showing made by purely factual instruction is dismal enough — as witness slovenly speech despite years of classroom English, and the thriving business done by medical quacks notwithstanding courses in hygiene and physiology. When cultural training is considered, the indistinguishable tastes of most college graduates afford an ironic commentary on its effectiveness.

No, the problem of how to attain a truly abundant life cannot be solved merely by more paternalistic supervision, creating an FALA (Federal Abundant Living Administration), heavily bankrolled and staffed with bureaucratic brass-hats. If it is to be solved at all by deliberate effort, that effort will have to come primarily from the idealists of the country.

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It is they who inspired and captained the crusade for more bountiful means of living. Accordingly, now that their material goal is within sight, it is only reasonable to expect them to devote their major energies to achieving next the intangible ends for which these practical means were sought. In other words, the moment seems at hand for the idealists to go back to ideals; shift their emphasis from "standards of living" to living itself. Assuming a willingness to do so (unfortunately by no means evident as yet), an effective line of attack is clear enough.

The charge repeatedly made against the wealthy by the champions of the "underprivileged" is that they are lacking in sober responsibility, vulgarly indifferent to the cultural opportunities opened up by the power of money. Often that charge is valid. Many of the very rich do lead lives of gilded stupidity. But it is also true that wealth is a relative quantity. Compared with conditions that prevailed as recently as two or three generations ago, millions of Americans (I should say a substantial majority) now enjoy a standard of living whose comfort, even luxury, was surpassed only by the top-income minority in previous eras. It is, then, not illogical or unreasonable to expect these newcomers to affluence to meet the same requirements imposed on the wealthy of today.

The nearer we approach the idealists' goal of material recovery, the more imperative it becomes for the preachers, teachers, social prophets and humanitarians to implant the philosophy of cultural *noblesse oblige* in the popular consciousness; the sobering recognition that the opportunity for greater earnings carries an implicit and complementary obligation to make constructive, respectful, human use of the more abundant means put within reach of the many.

For this vastly increased earning power has not been

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conjured out of thin air by the magic of a Washington decree. It represents the cumulative effort of many generations — in part groping but more and more purposeful — to achieve something better for humanity. Naturally, the competent few have contributed most to that effort. But, significantly, they stand to receive less than before in return.

Under the growing doctrine of social responsibility, we ask that business executives, technicians, financiers, and investors shall adopt something of the same philosophy that motivates artists, thinkers and scientists; accept a smaller share of the values they create than would be theirs under the hard every-man-for-himself creed, in order that there may be more to distribute among the sub-competent. From the standpoint of human justice, there is much to be said for the application of this doctrine. But the balances held by the classic representation of Justice are more than a decorative detail. When the competent are expected to forego what they might rightfully claim, for the sake of the sub-competent, it is only fair to demand that the beneficiaries shall be guided by a sense of social responsibility in the use of what is provided for them. If they are not, the competent can scarcely be blamed for feeling that the doctrine of social responsibility is a glittering pretext for exploiting them. And in the last analysis, progress depends on the competent few — not the inept many.

All this, let me make clear, is not being set down in a spirit of bitterness or contempt. Rather, it is prompted by a deep concern, tinged with both impatience and pity. No intelligent person can, I think, view the contemporary spectacle without some such mixed feelings. At a tremendous cost, not only in public funds but, more important, in the effort of our best minds, we are on the verge

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of attaining that condition popularly called recovery. But is what we are actually regaining worth the terrific price? In human essentials, are we going to be a great deal better off? Can economic well being per se bring most of us appreciably nearer the avowed goal of richer living, fulfilled possibilities, true civilization?

At the risk of seeming to wield a wet blanket, I must confess that my dominant reaction to these questions is a regretful doubt. It looks very much as if we have been devoting ourselves chiefly to restoring the health of an adult body housing an adolescent mind. Until we have brought the mind up to the stature of the body, we can scarcely call recovery significant or complete.

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An Essay on Essays

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

SOME of the rhetoric books my generation used in college went back to Aristotle for many of their definitions. "Rhetoric," he says, "may be defined as a faculty of discovering all the possible means of persuasion in any subject." Persuasion, indeed, is more starkly and simply the purpose of the essay than of fiction or poetry, since the essay deals always with an idea. No true essay, however desultory or informal, but states a proposition which the writer hopes, temporarily at least, to make the reader accept. Though it be only the defense of a mood, subject and predicate are the bare bones of any essay. It may be of a complex nature (like many of Emerson's) stating several propositions; but unless it states at least one, it is not an essay. It may be a dream or a dithyramb; I repeat, it is not an essay.

Let us neglect the old rhetorical distinctions between exposition and argument. To sort all essays into those two types of writing would be more troublesome a task than the wicked stepmother ever set her stepdaughter in a fairy-tale. We can no more do it without the help of magic than could the poor princess. When is an essay argument, and when is it exposition? That way lie aridity and the carving of cummin. In so far as the essay attempts to persuade, it partakes of the nature of argument. Yet who would call Lamb's "Dream Children" an argument? Or who shall say it is not an essay? It contains a proposition, if you will only look for it; yet to associate Lamb's persuading process with the forum would be preposterous. All writing presupposes an audience (which some of our younger writers seem to forget) but

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formal argument presupposes opponents, and I cannot find the faintest scent of an enemy at hand in "Dream Children."

I am sorry to kick the dust of the Schools about, even in this half-hearted way, yet some salutation had to be made to rhetoric, which is a noble science, too much neglected. Let us now forget the rhetoricians, and use our own terminology (our common sense too, if we have any). Let us say, first, that the object of the essay is, explicitly, persuasion; and that the essay states a proposition. Indeed, we need to be as rigorously simple as that, if we are going to consider briefly a type that is supposed to include Bacon's "Of Truth," De Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art," Lamb's "In Praise of Chimney Sweeps," Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey," Irving's "Bachelors," Hunt's "Getting up on Cold Mornings," Poe's "The Poetic Principle," Emerson's "Self-Reliance," Arnold's "Function of Criticism," Stevenson's "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," Paul Elmer More's "The Demon of the Absolute," Chesterton's "On Leisure," Max Beerbohm's "No. 2. The Pines," Stephen Leacock's "People we Know," and James Truslow Adams' "The Mucker Pose."

The foregoing list, in itself, confesses our main difficulty in delimiting the essay. The most popular kind of essay, perhaps, is that known as "familiar." When people deplore the passing of the essay from the pages of our magazines, it is usually this that they are regretting. They are thinking wistfully of pieces of prose like Lamb's "Sarah Battle on Whist," Leigh Hunt's "The Old Gentleman," Stevenson's "El Dorado," Max Beerbohm's "Mobled King." They mean the essay that is largely descriptive, more or less sentimental or humorous, in which it is sometimes difficult to find a stated proposition. This

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kind of prose has not been very popular since the war, and I, for one, am not regretting it. It will come back — as long as the ghost of Montaigne is permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. But the familiar-essay-which-is-hardly-an-essay can be spared for a few years if necessary, since it demands literary gifts of a very high order, and the authors mentioned have at present no competitors in this field. If the bones of the essay are to be weak, the flesh must be exceeding fair and firm.

Are we to admit, at all, that "Sarah Battle" and "The Old Gentleman," and "El Dorado" and "Mobled King" are essays? Do they state a proposition to which they attempt to persuade us? Well, we can twist them to a proposition, if we are very keen on our definition — though I think most of us would admit that they are chiefly descriptive and that they are only gently directed to the creation of opinion. Must we then deny that they are essays? No, I think they are essays, though it is obvious that the familiar essayist goes about his business far otherwise than Arnold or Emerson or Macaulay. He attempts rather to sharpen our perceptions than to convince us of a statement; to win our sympathy rather than our suffrage. His proposition is less important to him than his mood. If put to it, we can sift a proposition out of each one of these — and they were especially chosen because they put our definition on its defense. Lamb states, if you like, that to abide by the rigor of the game is in its way an admirable thing; Leigh Hunt states, if you like, that growing old is a melancholy business; Stevenson states that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive; Max Beerbohm states that no man is worthy to be reproduced as a statue. But the author's proposition, in such essays, is not our main interest. This brings us to another consideration which may clarify the matter.

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Though an essay must state a proposition, there are other requirements to be fulfilled. The bones of subject and predicate must be clothed in a certain way. The basis of the essay is meditation, and it must in a measure admit the reader to the meditative process. (This procedure is frankly hinted in all those titles that used to begin with "Of" or "On": "Of Truth," "Of Riches," "On the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-Driving," "On the Knocking at the Gate in 'Macbeth'," "On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places"). An essay, to some extent, thinks aloud; though not in the loose and pointless way to which the "stream of consciousness" addicts have accustomed us. The author must have made up his mind — otherwise, where is his proposition? But the essay, I think, should show how and why he made up his mind as he did; should engagingly rehearse the steps by which he came to his conclusions. ("Francis of Verulam reasoned thus with himself".) Meditation; but an oriented and fruitful meditation.

This is the most intimate of forms, because it permits you to see a mind at work. On the quality and temper of that mind depends the goodness of the production. Now, if the essay is essentially meditative, it cannot be polemical. No one, I think, would call Cicero's first oration against Catiline an essay; or Burke's Speech on the Conciliation of America; hardly more could we call Swift's "Modest Proposal" a true essay. The author must have made up his mind, but when he has made it up with a vengeance, he will not produce an essay. Because the process is meditative, the manner should be courteous; he should always, by implication, admit that there are good people who may not agree with him; his irony should never turn to the sardonic. Reasonableness, urbanity (as Matthew Arnold would have said) are prerequisites for a

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form whose temper is meditative rather than polemical.

We have said that this is the most intimate of forms. Not only for technical reasons, though obviously the essayist is less sharply controlled by his structure than the dramatist or the sonneteer or even the novelist. It is the most intimate because it is the most subjective. When people talk of "creative" and "critical" writing — dividing all literature thus — they always call the essay critical. In spite of Oscar Wilde, to call it critical is probably correct; for creation implies objectivity. The created thing, though the author have torn its raw substance from his very vitals, ends by being separate from its creator. The essay, however, is incurably subjective; even "Wuthering Heights" or "Manfred" is less subjective — strange though it sound — than "The Function of Criticism" or "The Poetic Principle." What Oscar Wilde really meant in "The Critic as Artist" — if, that is, you hold him back from his own perversities — is not that Pater's essay on Leonardo da Vinci was more creative than many a novel, but that it was more subjective than any novel; that Pater, by virtue of his style and his mentality, made of his conception of the Mona Lisa something that we could be interested in, regardless of our opinion of the painting. I do not remember that Pater saw himself as doing more than explain to us what he thought Leonardo had done — Pater, I think, would never have regarded his purple page as other than criticism. I, myself — because I like the fall of Pater's words, and do not much care for Mona Lisa's feline face — prefer Pater's page to Leonardo's portrait; but I am quite aware that I am merely preferring criticism, in this instance, to the thing criticized. I am, if you like, preferring Mr. Pecksniff's drunken dream — "Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg" — to the wooden leg itself.

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Anything (I say to myself) rather than a wooden leg!

A lot of nineteenth century "impressionistic" criticism — Jules Lemaître, Anatole France, etc. — is more delightful than the prose or verse that is being criticized. It is none the less criticism. The famous definition of "the adventures of a soul among the masterpieces" does not put those adventures into the "creative" category; it merely stresses their subjectivity. Wilde is to some extent right when he says that criticism is the only civilized form of autobiography; but he is not so right when he says that the highest criticism is more creative than creation. No one would deny that the purple page Wilde quotes tells us more about Pater than it does about Leonardo, or even about Mona Lisa — as Macaulay's Essay on Milton conceivably tells us more about Macaulay than about the author of "Paradise Lost." All Bacon's essays together but build up a portrait of Bacon — Francis of Verulam reasoning with himself; and what is the substance of the Essays of Elia, but Elia? "Subjective" is the word, however, rather than "creative."

It is this subjectivity — Montaigne's first of all, perhaps — that has confused many minds. It is subjectivity run wild that has tempted many people to believe that the familiar essay alone *is* the essay; which would make some people contend that an essay does not necessarily state a proposition. But we are talking of the essay itself; not of those bits of whimsical prose which are to the true essay what expanded anecdote is to the short story.

The essay, then, having persuasion for its object, states a proposition; its method is meditation; it is subjective rather than objective, critical rather than creative. It can never be a mere marshaling of facts; for it struggles, in one way or another, for truth; and truth is something one arrives at by the help of facts, not the facts themselves.

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Meditating on facts may bring one to truth; facts alone will not. Nor can there be an essay without a point of view and a personality. A geometrical proposition cannot be an essay, since, though it arranges facts in a certain pattern, there is involved no personal meditative process, conditioned by the individuality of the author. A geometrical proposition is not subjective. One is even tempted to say that its tone is not urbane!

Perhaps — with the essay thus defined — we shall understand without effort why it is being so little written at present. Dorothy Thompson said the other day that Germany is living in a state of war. The whole world is living more or less in a state of war; and a state of war produces any literary form more easily than the essay. It is not hard to see why. People in a state of war, whether the war be military or economic, express themselves polemically. A wise man said to me, many years ago, that, in his opinion, the worst by-product of the World War was propaganda. Many times, in the course of the years, I have had occasion to recall that statement. There are perhaps times and places where propaganda is justified — it is not for me to say. But I think we should all agree that the increasing habit of using the technique of propaganda is corrupting the human mind in its most secret and delicate processes. Propaganda has, in common with all other expression, the object of persuasion; but it pursues that legitimate object by illegitimate means — by *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri;* by the *argumentum ad hominem* and hitting below the belt; by demagogic appeal and the disregard of right reason. The victim of propaganda is not intellectually persuaded, but intellectually — if not emotionally — coerced. The essayist, whatever the limitations of his intelligence, is bound over to be honest; the propagandist is always dishonest.

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To qualify a large number of the articles and pseudo-essays that appear at present in our serious periodicals, British and American, as "dishonest" calls for a little explaining. When one says that the propagandist is always dishonest, one means this: He is a man so convinced of the truth of a certain proposition that he dissembles the facts that tell against it. Occasionally, he is dishonest through ignorance — he is verily unaware of any facts save those that argue for him. Sometimes, having approached his subject with his decision already made, he is unable to appreciate the value of hostile facts, even though he is aware of them. In the latter case, instead of presenting those hostile facts fairly, he tends to suppress or distort them because he is afraid that his audience, readers or listeners, will not react to them precisely as he has done. The propagandist believes (when he is not a paid prostitute) that his conclusions are right; but, no more than any other demagogue, does he like to give other men and women a fair chance to decide for themselves. The last thing he will show them is Francis of Verulam reasoning with himself. He cannot encourage the meditative process. He is, at best, the special pleader.

It can have escaped no reader of British and American periodicals that there is very little urbane meditation going on in print. Half the articles published are propaganda — political, economic, social; the other half are purely informational, mere catalogues of fact. The essay is nowhere. Either there is no proposition, or evidence is suppressed. Above all, there is no meditation — no urbanity. All this is characteristic of the state of war in which we are unfortunately living; that state of war which, alas! permits us few unprejudiced hours.

Yet I think many people would agree that we need those unprejudiced hours rather particularly, just now.

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We need the essay rather particularly, just now, since fiction and poetry have suffered even more cruelly than critical prose from the corruption of propaganda on the one hand and the rage for "fact-finding" on the other. We need to get away from polemics; we even need to get away from statistics. Granted that we are in a state of war: are we positively so badly off that we must permit every sense save the economic to be atrophied; that we cannot afford to think about life in any terms except those of bread? The desperate determination to guarantee bread to every one — which seems to be the basis of all our political and economic quarreling — is perhaps our major duty. And after? as the French say. Is it not worth our while to keep ourselves complex and civilized, so that, when bread for every one is guaranteed, we shall be capable of entertaining other interests?

The preoccupation with bread alone is a savage's preoccupation; even when it concerns itself altruistically with other people's bread, it is still a savage's preoccupation. The preoccupation with facts to the exclusion of what can be done with them, and the incapacity for logical thinking, are both savage. Until a man begins to think — not merely to lose his temper or to learn by heart — he is, mentally, clothed in the skins of beasts. We are, I fear, under economic stress, de-civilizing ourselves. Between propaganda and "dope" there is little room for the meditative process and the subtler propositions.

I am not urging that we play the flute while Rome burns. I recall the sad entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's journal: "William wasted his mind all day in the magazines." I am not asking the magazines to waste the minds of our Williams. . . . The fact that the familiar essay of the whimsical type is not at the moment popular — that

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when people wish to be diverted, they prefer Wodehouse to Leacock, let us say — does not disturb me. But it seems a pity that meditative prose should suffer a total eclipse, if only because meditation is highly contagious. A good essay inevitably sets the reader to thinking. Just because it expresses a point of view, is limited by one personality, and cannot be exhaustive or wholly authoritative, it invites the reader to collaboration. A good essay is neither intoxicant nor purge nor anodyne; it is a mental stimulant.

Poetry may be, indeed, as Arnold said, "a criticism of life." But most of us need a different training in critical thinking than that which is offered to us by the poets. A vast amount of the detail of life, detail which preoccupies and concerns us all, is left out of great poetry. We do not spend all our time on the heights, or in the depths, and if we are to live we must reflect on many matters rather temporal than eternal. The essayist says, "Come, let us reason together." That is an invitation—whether given by word of mouth or on the printed page — that civilized people must encourage and, as often as possible in their burdened lives, accept.

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Going after the Cows in a Fog

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The day was over, but there was no night
To take its place yet. All the trees were gone
Except the few that loomed beside the way,
And they were larger than beech trees should be;
They towered topless by the boy, as he
Went up the path the many tracks of cows,
Hoof to hoof's end, and forty years of them,
Had cut ten inches wide through pennyroyal
And hardhack with its silver, hugged-up leaves.
The path went where the huckleberry bushes
And bayberry were, to brush off stinging flies,
It did not go the way a man would go.
It was not wide enough for even a boy
Ten-years-wide to keep his trousers dry.
The cobwebs were as solid as bead bags
Until the boy had passed, and then they were
Thin thread and dry and all their bright beads gone.
Although he could not see the woods, the boy
Could hear woods dripping busily each side.

"Coo-boss! coo-boss!" — His voice came back on him
And did not get past trees or up the hill.
It was lonesome, shut in with his voice,
Whistling did not help. The night was nigh.
It might be miles to go. The boy stopped still.

There was a muffled tonkling of a bronze
Bell somewhere or other, every side.

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And then a wide white face built up itself
Out of the fog and stopped with startled eyes,
Warm in the mist, less than ten feet away.
"Soo-boss! so-boss!" The small boy stepped aside,
The eyes grew friendly, the curled horns shook once,
The mild head lowered, and the cow went by.
The boy stayed still, head after head came on,
Swinging, friendly, and sleek bodies after
Lurched by in peace. The boy turned his bare toes
And followed the swinging line off into night.

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New Deal Catharsis

FRANK R. KENT

IT IS easily possible that history will record the paradoxical verdict that Franklin D. Roosevelt has done more than any other President to preserve our institutions and stem the tide of both socialism and fascism. From the conservative point of view, he is likely to be recognized in years to come as one of the great benefactors of the nation.

For more than a generation the messiahs of politics, in groups and as individuals, had been preaching the sugary doctrines which the engaging Mr. Roosevelt eagerly seized and dealt out to a dazed people in large, undiluted doses. Not one was new; not one originated with the President nor, in fact, anywhere near the presidential circle. For years they had been mouthed by men, mostly from the West, who had gotten into Congress calling themselves Progressives or Insurgents. Some of them were sincere, believing their own stuff; others were calculating demagogues who knew a lot better. Every policy or proposal was soaked in the sorry idea of a paternalistic government which would own, run and regiment everything. Invariably the appeal was to the disgruntled and discontented; the effort always to array those who have not against those who have, on the mistaken theory that the former are in the majority. I say it is a mistaken theory because at bottom, and under normal conditions, the country is overwhelmingly conservative, highly averse to experiments except when alarmed and misled. It is so big that not nearly enough people can get mad about the same thing at the same time. What sets Texas ablaze leaves Massachusetts as

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cold as a banker's heart; things that threaten turmoil and generate heat in Minnesota and Montana create not a ripple of interest in Maryland and Virginia. Despite Mr. Sinclair Lewis, this isn't a revoluting country.

It was, of course, utterly impossible for anyone to conceive the variety, the character or the scope of the New Deal experimentation, or estimate its cost. The whole business has been upon a gigantic and bewildering scale. In the end, it will prove the most expensive example of confusion and futility ever provided by any government in the history of the world. There will be a terrific bill to pay. Yet in the long run it may be worth it. Its failures, tragic and costly as they are sure to be, may prove easily the most valuable object lessons a people ever had. Already there are indications of this in the reaction of the voters against the foolish excesses into which we have been plunged. There is no room to doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's extravagances have converted a great many people to the conservative point of view. It is logical to believe that as one after the other of his schemes crumble and flop, the power of the demagogues in the land will be diminished, the disposition of the people to run after false gods decreased, and a public impatience will develop with those who preach the doctrine of discontent, and try to delude the voters with utopian dreams of a nation in which no one need work for a living. A swing back to fundamentals is inevitable.

Certainly the President's famous press conference, which General Johnson asserts was part of the Frankfurter strategy to put the Constitution "on the spot," did more to repopularize that instrument than a hundred years of political and educational oratory. Instead of responding to the Roosevelt "horse and buggy" phrase as expected by his professorial advisers, the public gen-

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erally reacted quite violently in the other direction. The net result was the creation of a vibrant sentiment for both Court and Constitution of such strength that the Administration promptly backed away from the issue, though not before the suspicion had pretty generally permeated the people that behind the President is a group of men who regard the Constitution — again to quote General Johnson — as an "antediluvian joke" to be tossed aside as interfering with their plans for the More Abundant Life.

The almost incredible clumsiness, waste and stupidity of the alphabetical bureaucracy has given the country a fairly convincing object lesson in the joys of socialism, and demonstrated the absurdity of the general regimentation which the national planners of the Tugwell type thought they could achieve, and toward which goal they had Mr. Roosevelt running with the ball. The NRA, which had begun to crumble and disintegrate long before the Supreme Court killed it, taught business men that no magic could save them from themselves. Whether or not the Supreme Court, as expected, knocks out the processing tax as unconstitutional, in the long run the AAA experiment is doomed to failure. Its permanent effect will be a demonstration of the futility of all such legislation, in such a way as to make it more difficult, in the future, for the demagogues who specialize in the farmer vote to delude him again. It is true, too, I think, that the collapse of the Warren plan has shown the fallacy of the so-called managed currency; that the Administration's domination of the radio has aroused public opinion to the necessity of freeing broadcasting from political control; and that the 1935 tax law has proven to millions of people that the deficit cannot be met or the nation supported by soaking the rich — that

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there is no soundness in the pleasing idea that the Fat Cats with the Fancy Fortunes can be squeezed while the masses of the people continue to revel in the pouring out of the Federal billions.

Summing up, there seems sound ground for believing that the terrific confusion and cost of the New Deal experiments, coupled with their recorded failures and demonstrated futility, will sicken the nation equally with the political philosophy for which they stand, and with the breed of men they have brought into high office. Whether the popular reaction now rapidly gathering force is strong enough to put an end to this wild régime next year, or whether it will take another four before it is swept out, is not possible to say. What is clear, however, is this: In the end the revulsion against the Rooseveltian course will be very great indeed. It will be strong enough to end this sort of experimentation for many years to come. It will swing us back to sanity and solvency, restore confidence in the fundamentals, and make us extremely wary of the political medicine men with their patent panaceas for every national ache and pain, and their insincere twaddle about the "Forgotten Man." Viewed in this way, it is possible — not now, perhaps, and probably not soon, but at some time in the future — to regard Mr. Roosevelt as a great national benefactor.

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Profit Sharing and Prosperity

GEORGE HULL, JR.

PEOPLE are constantly discussing capitalism and socialism, but they very seldom stop to consider just where the difference between the two systems lies. Their fundamental cleavage, it seems to me, is a question of fluidity. In a wholly socialistic state all relationships are fixed or static; in a truly capitalistic order, on the other hand, nothing is fixed, everything fluid. Rhythm, waves, fluctuations, seasons, change are inherent components of nature. The great strength of capitalism lies in the fact that it conforms to nature. Relationships which can easily be altered, which give and take, are in little danger of being destroyed.

Lincoln pointed out that a nation cannot exist half slave and half free, but it remains for some latter day statesman to declaim the equally true proposition that we cannot exist half capitalistic and half socialistic. If my definition of these terms is accurate, we have been attempting this straddling game for a long time, andtherein lies the source of many of our troubles. If true capitalism demands that nothing shall be rigid, fixed wage rates and fixed debt structures have no place in it — are, in fact, antagonistic to it. But people must be compensated for their work and for their risks, or the wheels won't go round — won't exist at all, for that matter. How can they be compensated without wages or interest?

The answer is very simple: The product of all capitalistic enterprise is profits, and the only compensation which is sufficiently elastic to withstand the exigencies of nature is a share in profits. Industries, such as the chemical industry, which have done their major financing

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through stock issues offer a sharp contrast to the railroads, ridden with debts (but not by passengers). It will not be long before the same principle is applied by far-sighted entrepreneurs to the problem of wages. There is no other fundamental solution to the dilemma which has resulted from the present condition of rigidity: during periods of rising profits, labor agitators create dissatisfaction among workers, engender strikes and disturb the economic picture; during periods of depression, on the other hand, rigid wage rates impede the deflation of costs and produce bankruptcies and unemployment.

Let us assume that every enterprise in the nation has adopted the *principle* of profit sharing as its revised method of distributing wages and salaries and dividends. Since the individual corporation is left free to apply the principle in its own way, we will assume that it divides its beneficiaries into four classes or four profit-sharing groups and calls them — (1) "the worker group"; (2) "the clerical group"; (3) "the stockholder group"; (4) "the manager-executive group." Within each of these groups the individuals are graduated according to their varying qualifications just as they are today under the flat wage system. The "stockholder group" is of course graduated and remunerated on the basis of individual holdings, or ownership of stock. The individuals in the other groups are graduated according to their relative value to the company, and are remunerated accordingly.

Now let us remember that each group as a unit, and each individual in each group has acquired a vital, personal interest in the common purpose of the corporation, which is the making of the largest possible net corporate profit. In applying the principle of profit sharing, a meeting takes place between the representatives of the four groups. There has been no disturbance of the wage rates,

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or salary rates, or dividend rates up to this point. It is recognized, however, that a wage rate or salary rate is no longer to be thought of as the total compensation of the recipient. It is no longer a "flat rate," but something like a "drawing account." It carries the recipient over a certain period, at the end of which the net profits of the corporation are determined and each group receives its group share, and each individual in each group receives his pre-arranged percentage of the total received by the group to which he belongs.

If it so happens that the Smith Shoe Company is making a good profit at the time this new system is adopted, all parties might decide to let the "drawing-account wage" remain just what the flat rate had previously been. If its cost structure were such that the company was making a good net profit, it might seem best to leave undisturbed that part of its cost structure which was made up of its wage-roll and salary-roll. The portion of the net profit received by each individual would be something extra. Presumably no one would object to the inauguration of profit sharing under those favorable conditions.

But suppose the company were making not profits, but losses at the time the profit-sharing arrangement went into effect. How would that situation be handled? Undoubtedly the facts would be laid before all four groups in conference, and a percentage reduction in the remuneration of all four groups and of the individuals in each group would be recommended. In this case, if all agreed, the old flat wage rate would be transformed into a drawing-account wage, but on a lower basis. The sting of this reduction all along the line would be mitigated by two things, namely — first, the fact that it was a "share-and-share-alike" proposition, second — that it gave promise

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of putting the corporation in a position to show a net profit, in which case each and every individual would get some of it. There is a mutuality of interest here which does not and cannot exist under the straight flat wage system. It puts all the individuals in a frame of mind to coöperate with each other for the common benefit of the corporation, because their fate is definitely linked with the fate of the corporation the moment profit sharing is substituted for flat wages. The corporation is thus enabled to extricate itself from a position in which it is losing money, and to get its costs and selling prices down to where it can make a profit by putting over a large sales volume at reduced prices.

This release from the rigidity of rates does not mean that a uniformly blanketed wage rate, or working-hours rate, or price rate has been changed from one blanket level to another blanket level by "collective bargaining" between the management of the Smith Shoe Company, and a labor union leader, as it does today. It means that without any interference from a union or a Code, the four groups of profit-sharing partners, constituting all the human, individual beneficiaries of this particular enterprise, the Smith Shoe Company, have regained their individual liberty to make their own rates to fit their own conditions. But distribution is no longer done by flat rates. The change from flat rates to shares is the thing which has made possible the regaining of this corporate and individual liberty. This in turn enables the corporation and the individuals composing it, to do the things which will allow the corporation and the individuals to survive and presumably also to prosper. Today we are bound hand and foot by unionized wage rates and work rates, which together make a rigidly unionized cost rate. Lately we have been further bound by codified price

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rates, thus making the rate structure rigid from bottom to top.

I believe that, in time, even the drawing-account portion of the profit-sharing wage system would fade out of the economic picture. Thus profit sharing would remove even that aspect of a fixed-cost factor in Industry. Any fixity at the bottom of our system tends to crystallize the structure all the way to the top. When it comes to the rigidifying of selling prices at the top of the rate structure, the most important law of economics is thwarted, namely the law which indicates that when volume declines, a lowering of price is the correct economic lever to be moved in order to recover volume. We cannot successfully operate an economic system with price as the main objective, as we are trying to do. We must put ourselves in a position wherein we are enabled to operate with volume as the chief objective. Particularly is this true under the mass-production system. Our production system is a full grown, powerful adult; whereas our distribution system is pitifully infantile, by comparison.

The most fundamental fallacy in the whole Roosevelt program is its aim to achieve price at the sacrifice of volume. Price is not wealth. It is only a rate at which one kind of wealth, in some physical form, is traded for another. The placing of too great an emphasis on price tends to give us a beautiful but theoretical rate of doing business, but little business being done. If we cannot change the rate when it proves to be a rate which kills volume, then we are frozen in a position from which revival is impossible. Revival is a matter of volume, not a raising of rates.

The Code system of running the economic show made cost rates more rigid, more widely and arbitrarily and uniformly blanketed over broad segments of our economic

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system. It put us in strait-jackets which were far more tight and ill-fitting to the individual corporations operating under them, than were the rates imposed by the labor unions. It is this tightening of rate rigidity and the widening of its uniform, blanketing processes which make it impossible to recover any considerable degree of economic prosperity except the paternalistic spurts that come from artificial borrowing and spending by government. This government intrusion gives us an economic direction straight toward the complete socialization of our entire system.

I have tried to show briefly that this direction grows inevitably out of the conflict relation between employer and employees which is inherent in the flat wage system. Unless we shift to universal profit sharing, we are certain to go all the way to the terminus of this socialistic direction. There is no permanent stopping-place halfway between individualism and socialism. The type of corporate individualism which will begin to revive when we adopt profit sharing, is depicted in the illustration of the Smith Shoe Company. A profitable company does one thing to meet the individual conditions confronting it. An unprofitable company does a different thing to meet its different conditions. They cannot do this under blanketed rates; and they cannot get rid of blanketed rates except by abolishing labor unions through the adoption of universal profit sharing.

In addition to giving us individual corporate freedom and flexibility in the matter of rate-making, the introduction of profit sharing will give us a wider distribution of buying power in the interest of making a wider and more continuous mass market for the sale of our mass-production output. Let us suppose that the Smith Shoe Company puts in some improved machinery which enables it

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to double its production per man per hour, and that it is able to sell the increased output without reducing its previous selling prices. If the drawing-account wages and salaries remain the same, the result is a greatly increased net profit for the corporation. When the question of allotting this increased profit among the four groups of partners comes up for consideration, the point should be, and undoubtedly would be brought up, that the groups embracing the largest number of individuals should begin to receive an increasing percentage of the total profit of the corporation — because this would diffuse buying power more widely among the smaller income classes who spend all they receive currently, and thus put the buying power back into circulation in the current consumption of shoes and of all other kinds of standard consumer goods.

This is a correct principle of distribution. If the Smith Shoe Company has three stockholders, three executives, ten department managers, one hundred clerks and one thousand "workers," the percentage of the total profit of the corporation paid out to the "clerk group" and the "worker group" should rise as the corporate net profits rise. The observance of this principle of mass-distribution would tend to become a universal distribution habit under the adoption of universal profit sharing, as the revised method of distributing buying power. If every individual enterprise observed this principle of diffusing a rising dollar volume of net profits more and more widely, by giving its numerically larger groups a rising percentage of the total of the rising corporate profits, each corporation which was making a rising profit would thus be fertilizing its own future market and that of every other producer. The composite result would be an indirect "gearing" of consumption with production, allowing pro-

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duction to set the economic pace, and causing consumption to follow any pace that production might choose to set.

This indirect gearing of the total consumption with the total production of the country will be the result of establishing a direct connection between the inflowing dollar volume of net profit, with the outflowing dollar volume of buying power which is diffused among the masses of smaller income receivers in each and every individual enterprise. Thus profit sharing from the viewpoint of the employers or proprietors of our economic system is not a matter of altruism, but a matter of enlightened self-interest. It tends to keep the consumer market continually absorbing the entire output of our whole economic system. It is obvious that this diffusion of rising profits which is essential to the maintenance of the mass-consumer market cannot take place under the flat-wage system. That is why our mass market collapses in the periods of rising-profits — bringing "prosperity" to an abrupt end.

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Mexico, My Beloved

JOSEPHINE NIGGLI

Mexico, my beloved,
is not the clashing of cymbals
nor the curving
of vermilion sails
over the heart
of the wind;
it is not
a vivid slash
across the mouth
of the world.

But when the moon touches the silken waves
of the Lerma,
and the carnations
breathe their scents
into the souls of a thousand birds
and force them to sing
of something
they but dimly understand —
this,
my beloved,
is Mexico.

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Mexican Small Town

PHILIP STEVENSON

IN HIS last campaign for the presidency, Mr. Hoover intimated that if his opponent were elected, grass would grow in the streets of our cities. He did not need to explain that to Americans such a thing would indicate a calamitous state of affairs. His audience took that for granted. Yet when I tell you that grass grows in the streets of Mexican small towns, I mean to suggest no calamity. On the contrary, it is only one of the delightful differences between Mexican towns and our own.

For the streets of provincial Mexico are cobbled. Yet they do not in the least resemble the cobbled streets of a bygone day in America. The stones are flat-topped, with grass growing between — not at all a bad surface for driving. And instead of being all one shape and size, they are of all shapes and sizes, patiently, cunningly, fitted together *into patterns*.

This is an example of the most important difference between us and the Mexicans. With us, utility and efficiency are paramount, whereas everything they do is influenced by their prehistoric Indian heritage of beautiful design and patient craftsmanship.

When we make things, when we buy and sell things, the quickest way is always the best way. In Mexico, the best way is the pleasantest. That is why the Mexican is so often dismayed by our slap-dash, rough-and-ready way of walking into a store, buying what we want, and immediately walking out again. And that is why we call it "a waste of time" to take odd-sized stones and patiently fit them together just to make a street, or to spend a sociable half hour just to buy a little fruit. Why not make

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the stones in standard size and save the trouble? Why not buy your fruit and have done?

The answer is that in the Mexican's view, time could not possibly be better spent than in the enhancement, the dramatization, the humanization of routine. It isn't that he's slow or lazy at all. But he insists that the things we have to do everyday might just as well be enjoyable, and that things we have to look at everyday might better be beautiful. As a result, the Mexican Indian (four-fifths of the population of Mexico) is almost never bored.

This Mexican quality of infusing drama into the most ordinary matters is well illustrated by the design of Mexican houses. From the street their appearance is quite ordinary — though, to be sure, different from ours, with their tinted plaster, their moss-stained tile roofs, their hinged "French" windows in place of sashes. But in no case does the exterior suggest the gaiety, the flowery Eden-beauty of their patios or interior courts.

The Mexican's patio is his hearth, the bosom of his home. (Indeed, he has no hearth, since the Mexican climate obviates the need of fireplaces.) The patio is the center, the most important thing about the house, and the tile-floored rooms, relatively unimportant necessities, are ranged round it on two or more sides. Often it will contain a well (not always to be trusted for purity) with its stone coping, its pulley and bucket suspended from a handsome frame of wrought-ironwork; while the high walls dividing the patio from its neighbors are invariably banked with ferns and a thousand bright flowers the year round. In many homes the patio supports a few banana trees or papayas or guavas that contribute to a good living; in others will be found a royal palm for shade, or a lovely dripping pepper tree with its streaks of bright red pods for decoration. Shut your eyes, imagine this private

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Eden in moonlight, silver with violet shadows, hushed with slow song to a guitar, and you will feel something of the theatrical magic of the Mexican house.

But it is a magic, let us admit at once, that Americans as a whole would never put up with. It is a magic realized at the price of efficiency, of practical comfort. The beds are springless more often than not, the furniture in general scanty. At evening, unless all doors are tightly shut, bats fly in and roost in the rafters. Fleas are a universal pest — as widespread a nuisance as the common winter nose and chest cold in America — and to keep them out is a never-ending struggle, however humorously dramatized. Privies, tin washbowls and pitchers, are penalties accompanying an almost total lack of running water.

Even though you have a private well, water for drinking and bathing is brought to you daily by an *aguador* (water-carrier), dozens of whom trot all day from the municipal water faucet through the streets of provincial Mexico, laden with two five-gallon cans hung by ropes from either end of a pole across the shoulders. In their thonged sandals, their light cotton pants and coats, their low-crowned broad-brimmed sombreros with an unused chin-strap hanging down the back like a cue, their sparse black moustaches and their Mongolian trot, these aguadores give an extraordinarily Chinese touch to the streets. For homemakers who cannot afford this service (about 1½ cents a day) there is no alternative but to don one's blue rebozo (a narrow shawl, the standard headdress of the Mexican woman), hoist one's tawny water-jar to the right shoulder, and carry one's water-supply oneself.

Which is an excellent point at which to remark that, contrary to his reputation in America, the Mexican is

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scrupulously clean. When one considers the widespread lack of water, it is amazing how much scrubbing and washing goes on. The sweep-sweep shush-shush of brooms is as characteristic a sound in Mexico as the incessant sunrise-to-sunset pat-pat-patting of *tortillas* (thin corn-meal pancakes, staple food of rich and poor); and in any town boasting a river or a lake, the banks will be gay with people all day long scrubbing their clothes, themselves, and their children. Throughout the country, sidewalks and even the cobbled streets are watered and swept religiously at dawn. If the Mexicans are not up to our standards of cleanliness, let us blame not the people but their rulers, those who control the capital that might, but does not, provide them with the necessary means. Given American facilities, I daresay Mexico would be spotless — and bugless!

The American housewife would scarcely recognize a Mexican kitchen as such. It is invariably a dark windowless cubbyhole, without cupboard or dish-closet, without a refrigerator, without a chimney or anything resembling a stove! For centuries Mexico has been short of wood, and the use of coal is confined largely to industry. For cooking, charcoal is the commonest fuel. Instead of a range in the kitchen, you see a sort of tile bench with two or three grilled excavations in it. These are the braziers in which a few fragments of charcoal are kindled with shavings. Round-bottomed clay pots propped straight by stones (or occasionally modern flat pans) are set directly on the fire, and the charcoal is fanned to the desired heat by vigorous agitation of a straw fan at the draught hole! Yet Mexican food, though occasionally exotic to our taste, is delicious. They do extraordinary things with the means at their disposal. Indeed, their bread, baked in tiny roll-like loaves, is far superior to ours.

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Although charcoal gives off comparatively little smoke or gas, the lack of a chimney would drive an American housewife to distraction, and the lack of utensils might cause a domestic revolution. For mashing potatoes or other vegetables she would use a stone pestle and mortar. Her egg-beater would be a sharply incised wooden instrument, like a carved potato-masher, twirled to and fro between the palms. Her containers would be almost exclusively Indian clay pots, covered (if covered at all!) with a clay plate. A double-boiler would be simply a small pot set inside a larger one containing water. Ovens are manufactured tin boxes set over the charcoal brazier. The sink is of stone, and in the average house it is emptied simply by removing the wooden plug from the drain and catching the flood in a bucket!

With this equipment it can be seen that housekeeping is a major full-time job in Mexico. For the average house has no phone from which orders to be "sent right up" may be given. For your supplies you go to the market — or send your cook — and for certain staples such as coffee and refined sugar, to a store. And since there is no refrigeration, and little if any cupboard room, you buy in tiny quantities — just enough for the day. But this is no drawback. Even if none of these reasons existed, a housewife in Mexico would still insist on the daily trip to market. Our Indian cook, indeed, made several trips a day, and exhibited the utmost dismay when we suggested it would save her a good deal of effort if she bought the whole day's needs at once. She ran her legs off and haunted the market *out of preference*. Nor did we blame her once we understood the reason.

For the open-air market is the center and spirit of old, Indian Mexico. It is the last virile remnant of a gracious, ancient, communal way of life — Indian life — before

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the Spanish conqueror brought his white man's efficiency to America, and smashed to bits the patient, quietly lovely social patterns of its peoples. For centuries before Cortéz, Mexico had had her open-air markets — large enough, it is said, to accommodate tens of thousands of people, and offering for sale many things superior to any then known in Europe — and Mexico has her markets still. Although the character of its products has greatly changed in four hundred years, the market still represents the spirit of an ancient day when the struggle for existence was softened and concealed by ritual, when necessary tasks were communized and sociable, when nothing was standardized, matter-of-fact, or routine, when business and pleasure were one.

All Mexican markets are one delightful jumble, a mad confusion of colors, smells, sounds, and forms; of light and shadow; of occupation and idleness; riches and poverty. Situated generally not far from the plaza — invariably the center of town — they cover spaces varying from an ordinary vacant lot to tens of acres, depending on the size of the town. Coming on a market unexpectedly, the eye is at first literally stunned, as by a constantly shifting kaleidoscope.

The Mexicans, like all dark-skinned people, are fond of bright color — in the rawest shrieking combinations — and they are right! it suits them. So first, perhaps, you distinguish the people: seas of shifting hats, low-crowned and broad, gaily embroidered, tilted to the sun by a quick expert shake of the head — those are the men; and proudly moving, living madonnas in dark-blue rebozos whose folds, it seems, can never hang ungracefully — the women; and between their legs, staggering along, pushing their bare rounded bellies ahead of them, the littlest children. Older children, the boys in big hats and

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the little girls in shawls, are for the most part miniature replicas of their parents. Most of the men wear white cotton pants — and blinding white they are in the sun — and white coats over a colored shirt, with a folded serape on the shoulder. The women are more addicted to bright hues — magenta and lemon and cerise, orange, scarlet and purple.

The sea of hats and rebozos flows slowly, with Indian gravity, between the booths and stalls filled with wares and shaded from the sun by cotton awnings stretched across alleys, or tipped toward the light by props shifted as the day waxes or wanes. There is absolutely no system about anything. Beside the booths, between the booths, standing or squatting on straw mats, are other vendors, their wares spread neatly on the ground. And what mouth-watering wares. Flowers in profusion: raw magenta bougainvillea, yellow or scarlet poinsettia, white jasmine, roses, and colorful mixtures of wild-flowers — a few cents for an armful! Vegetables galore: great livery white radishes, prickly chayote, tomatoes, huge yellow papayas, glistening onions, heaps of orange carrots, crimson chile, green squashes, cool blades of romaine, pale spears of sugar-cane. And fruit! Mexico is the paradise of fruit: gigantic oranges (the most tasty are green!), limes and sweet lemons, avocado pears (at about a cent apiece), guavas, tejocotes and a dozen less-known tropical fruits!

Broad fans of hats, piles of hand-made *guaraches* (semi-sandals, the most comfortable footgear in the world), shoals of Indian pottery in browns and polychrome designs, groups of highlighted tawny water-jars, peanuts arranged in neat little squares, stacks of folded *serapes* (hand-woven wool blankets with a slit in the middle for the head to pass through, worn exclusively by men),

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fresh fish netted an hour ago, live chickens and suckling pigs are all found in profusion! And in the booths all these and more — shelves piled helter-skelter with groceries, candles, hand-made tin lanterns and sconces, straw mats and fans, bolts of bright cloth, white sheeting and duck, blue rebozos, black veils for church, glassware and cheap dishes, buttons and five-and-ten knicknacks — almost anything, in fact, almost any service, can be bought in a Mexican market.

A boy wanders about with his box of brushes and paste offering a shine to anyone wearing shoes (to be distinguished from the common sandal-like guaraches). Over there a barber has set up his chair under an awning. Here a gambler is calling out the names and numbers of playing-cards. Yonder a group of musicians, in exchange for a meal, are fiddling fiddles, plinking guitars, thumbing their home-made harps, and singing a long ballad to attract the hungry to a booth where cooked food is served.

For the market is also an open-air restaurant. Besides the counters at booths, there are countless rough-plank tables in the open air, their benches crowded with people munching beans and chile and tortillas. They don't use spoons, but fold their tortillas into scoops to convey the food to their mouths — and the spoon is consumed with the mouthful!

In and out among the booths, between the vendors squatting on their mats, moves the bright quiet crowd, cracking peanuts as they go, sucking pink dulces, or gnawing on a centavo's worth of sugar-cane and spitting out the pulp. Their talk is very subdued; like Indians everywhere, they are very gentle and quiet even in their keenest enjoyments — they even laugh quietly, and they seldom shout, but move with dignity, with a stately

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carriage learned from balancing burdens on their heads. The men are Chinesey with their thin moustaches and broad low hats with the cue-like chin-strap hanging down behind, and their wide dirty feet in sandals. And the women are like dark madonnas with their fine-grained skin and dark quiet eyes, framed gracefully within the eternal blue rebozo, often with their straight black hair flying loose, and usually a black-eyed, button-mouthed baby cradled in one arm. The children who can walk, walk; and those who can run, run — or else, like their parents, they are quiet, as only Indian children can be quiet, with large-eyed thoughtful gravity.

Beggars abound, too, in the market — that is one modern touch added to the ancient thing, the belief that it is all right for some people to have everything and others nothing. Another unpleasant feature is butchered meat crawling with flies. The market is not all good, not all beautiful, not all beer and skittles; it has its shortcomings aplenty, but by and large it is the finest manifestation of Mexican life. See it at night, too, if you can, lit by little kerosene flares of home-made tinwork, when the men have donned their serapes and shadows leap and flicker over dark faces and reddish flames flare and glitter in sombre eyes. But above all, hear the market! Listen to the quiet rumbling stream of talk, the gentle rustling flow of Mexican life itself.

A few of the vendors cry their wares. But very few. Not many have much to sell — just a few little piles of this and that, in neat tiny pyramids or squares or circles, a few peanuts or sweets, eggs or limes brought from the ranchito this morning, a couple of passive chickens with their legs tied together, a few little fish trapped in a net at dawn. True, the gambler is a modern; he is loud enough, shouting his winners and losers, but then, he is

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not an Indian, he is quite out of key with the prevalent sound of the market — a low, grave rumble of quiet talk, quiet laughter, occasionally presided over by guitar-tinkles and a long mournful song.

No, the sellers squat passive before their neat modest piles of produce, and wait for a buyer. And when the buyer comes, the transaction develops into a long and complicated social relationship. The price asked is high, the price offered is low, and the problem is to bring them together. No hurry, though; there's no fun in solving problems quickly. So, slowly, patiently, one price comes down, the other goes up, and meanwhile there is opportunity for a thousand comments on the weather, the scarcity of this or that, the abundance of the other thing, politics, anecdotes, and items of local scandal. And everywhere, all round you, the same thing is going on, very quietly. The barber snips and talks, the butcher slices and talks, the food tables are a low babble of eating and talk, the sugar-cane vendor hacks off superfluous leaves from his stalks — and talks.

That is the thing that finally strikes the American most vividly about the Mexican market: that it is preëminently an Indian social gathering. You feel it has almost nothing to do with buying and selling in our sense — with business, with commercialism. It is all so innocent, on such a pathetically tiny scale of profit and loss, that it seems not primarily a commercial venture at all, the buying and selling. Exchanging goods happens to be necessary just to satisfy dire needs for the next few minutes or hours; it is a minimum requirement for keeping life alive, one's own and others', buyers' and sellers'. Salesmanship is not a career. It is never a bid for power or riches, not prompted by greed for gain alone, by envy, or by a craving for ascendancy over one's fellows. No, you sell today

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merely in order that you may be able to live tomorrow.

Oiga! If you sell today enough to keep you till day after tomorrow, you won't have anything to do tomorrow, you won't have any reason to come to the market — you won't be able to squat here all day, tilting your hat against the warm sun and chatting about prices and the weather and watching the fun. No, the market is society; it is warm human give-and-take; it is life. What is the use of making a big profit and retiring from the market in your old age? If you do that, you'll cut yourself off from life. Your old age will be lonely. It won't be any fun. No, it is better to sell only a little at a time — just enough to last from day to day. So, it is good to live.

Contrast the market with the average store in Mexico. The store is neither one thing nor the other — neither delightful nor really businesslike. You don't bargain in a store; but you probably pay much higher prices for service no better. And ten to one the thing you want is out of stock, and the stock itself in much more flagrant confusion. If you point out something on a shelf, the chances are the storekeeper will have to move three ploughshares, several cans of kerosene, a coil or two of rope, a dozen bars of soap, six oil lanterns and a sack of flour, before he can even reach the shelf! In short, the store will exhibit the untidy inefficiency of the earliest days of pioneering commerce in America. Capitalism is still young in Mexico, and correspondingly raw and graceless. It has lost the attractive non-commercial quality of folk-exchange without having yet acquired capitalistic efficiency.

So, in Mexico, go to the market. It is commerce in its pristine simplicity, an unavoidably necessary means of circulation and exchange, not only of goods, but of human understanding — making for pleasure, for health, and for abundant life.

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Martinez, and Mexico's Renaissance

BROOKE WARING

THE most obscure, the most retiring, the most self-effacing, and yet the most important man in the Mexican Renaissance is Alfredo Ramos Martinez, the innovator. Although one hears continual eulogy of his talented friends Rivera and Orozco, and of his pupils Siqueros and Jean Charlot, the personality and brilliant accomplishment of Mexico's first and strongest artistic revolutionist still remain an enigma to the world outside of the West.

Martinez's success in California is astonishing. While other artists of international reputation are starving, this energetic Mexican is overwhelmed with commissions. His ascendancy is more surprising when one reflects that Martinez is one of the few painters who have not been made by publicity. There have been no press wars raging around his head. Neither is he in league with any of the organized groups which dominate the vicious intrigues of artistic politics. He has always remained an independent.

The fresco for the patio of the Swerling home in Beverly Hills is one of his most formidable works. His drawing is sculptural, his rich brilliant color and his powerful rhythmic form are a complete unit, the balance and symmetry of his composition is original and varied, his spatial relationships give the illusion of solid depth when he desires. The dynamic work of this Mexican possesses more than values, beautiful painting-quality, architectural modeling. His frescos are illuminated by the psychology of the people he paints. They are blistering with his own vibrant emotion — they walk, they speak, they are alive.

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Unlike the other Mexican painters, Martinez regards the revolution as only an incident. To him the everyday life of the people at work is paramount. In the first panel of the Swerling fresco Martinez portrays the brutality and hatred of the insurrection. In the last panel appear the same peons returned to their travail; there is amity, reserve, almost a religious expression. These two groups are separated by a large area in which Martinez vividly describes the agrarian life of the Indian. Sculptural mestizo girls carrying baskets of multicolored fruit, emerald green, vermilion red, luminous yellow, on their ivory-black heads. In the background Martinez has chiseled in paint the savage ultramarine-blue Sierra Madre mountains.

At present Martinez is completing his fresco, *Resurrection*, in the Santa Barbara Chapel for Mrs. George Washington Smith and Henry Eicheim. This painting is as primitive as it is modern in its simplicity. The cube, the sphere, the cylinder are as apparent in this work as in any of Picasso's abstract canvasses, only the Mexican combines a forceful life-spark with volume. Martinez has used a very limited palette: only two earth colors, ultramarine blue and a little black. Unlike Rivera he does not mix his water color with lime. He likes to have the sensuous beauty of the wall show through the translucent paint. His work is transparent and at the same time very solid.

Martinez has also painted a Madonna in fresco for the Collins home in Hollywood, and several large murals at Ensenada. His next commissions are for a fresco in the First National Bank of Santa Barbara and another for La Quinta at Palm Springs.

When young Alfredo Martinez was nine he was sent to the Academy of Bellas Artes at Mexico City. The

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boy was stimulated and enchanted by the phenomenal contrast and color of the city. He was bewitched by multitudinous Indians: Mayans, Aztecs, Farascos, Mixtecas, Las Bateas, Guerros. In Monterey he had seen only Europeans, a few natives, and the mestizos which are the product of reciprocal breeding, the Indian with the continental. Here he stared at the bronze men wearing red serapes and yellow sombreros. The women with their prolific petticoats, their plaited lustrous hair, were comparable to the Egyptian statues in the museum. The children with their circular faces and their oblique eyes were like Japanese dolls.

Alfredo saw Indian women pounding tortillas, he watched the cock-fights, he was delighted with the native Mexicans meandering through street after street, singing the names of their wares; he studied the picturesque males as they sauntered in and out of the doors of the cantinas. Everything cried to him to be painted, to be perpetuated by plastic means, in line, color, space.

He was in a metamorphosed universe from that of his grandfather's hacienda in Nueva Leon. Alfredo was young; he possessed a mentality vital as electricity, and the emotional nature of his Mayan progenitors. He was alone in a fascinating metropolis. Living was an exciting experience. Mexico City, the historical habitat of Cortéz and Montezuma, was to embrace not only adventure and revelation for the boy, but was also to be the place of his two great artistic deceptions — the first when he was nine years old and the second when he was thirty-three.

Forty-five years ago the schools in Mexico were comparable to the unintelligent mausoleums of art in the rest of the civilized world, castrating the young talent that came within their walls by frigid academicism and scholastic rules. Originality was decapitated; and in its

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stead leered the senile mask of the classic imitator. It was before Havelock Ellis had written that the ugly may be beautiful, but the pretty is never beautiful. It was before the inquisitive Picasso had made his experiments with cubism, with monochrome, with line and with space.

The prospective artist was drilled in all things Grecian, Roman, French and Spanish; but never was his vision directed on his own stimulating, exotic Mexico. Before Rivera and Orozco, at a time when all Mexico was painting the artificial, Alfredo saw how beautiful were the simple lines of commonplace forms; the workman's back as he dug in the road, the calm dignity of the statuesque Indian girls.

This formal atmosphere of the school of 1889 presented a horrible chimera to the small boy. Even at this early age he possessed the intelligence and the sensitivity to realize that art was not something dead and far-away, but something very close and to be lived with. It was psychologically impossible for Alfredo to stay in the Bellas Artes. Instead he wandered into the streets and sketched the everyday life of the people. How much more absorbing to draw the Mexican market-day with its vitality and color than to copy over-ornamented plaster casts.

The director became incensed at the independence of his young pupil and wrote to the elder Martinez. "Your son refuses to remain in school, instead he profligates his time in the country sketching the native workman." The report was forwarded to the student with a note of remonstration from the parent.

The boy answered: "My dear Father, I have always been an obedient son but in the matter of my artistic development I must beseech you to be lenient; this is a condition I naturally understand better than you do. The

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method of teaching in this school is not for me. I cannot remain in the classroom. Believe that I work hard and permit me to solve my own problems."

Jacobo Martinez responded sagaciously to the director of the academy. "My son is a serious boy, and I have confidence in his judgment. I know he is very industrious and if he prefers to glean his knowledge from the people instead of in the classroom, let him do so. Let him develop naturally."

This letter from the small boy to his father was the first shot in Mexico's artistic revolution.

IN OBSERVING the lives of artists one often finds a vigorous parental protest, as in the background of Van Gogh, Gauguin, Michael Angelo — a driving force that is attributed by psychoanalysts to a constant subconscious antagonism with a member or members of the family.

These artists work out their unsolved infantile problems in paint. An illustration is the Surrealist school of which Miro is the foremost exponent. This group attempts to draw nothing but the subconscious mind. How vacuous are their formless blocks and febrile arrangements compared to the architectural draftsmanship and dynamic composition of a Martinez — who paints life from a sympathetic and humanitarian point of view rather than from the antagonistic and inverted vision of the maladjusted psychotic. Martinez has made his adjustments, his ego is free to solve the problems of beauty and plasticity. His driving force seems to be a true creative urge and not a neurosis seeking an outlet for early sublimated aggressions.

When Alfredo was nineteen, Phœbe Hearst visited the Mexican capital. As a patroness of the arts, Mrs. Hearst became interested in Alfredo and sent him to Paris as

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her protégé. Martinez studied by himself, taking his inspiration from the life around Luxembourg Park or near the Seine. Alone in Mexico, he had anticipated nights of excited controversy, but when he was a part of the group in Paris he realized that actual work was the thing that mattered, and not talking about what one intended to do.

When one separates the man, Martinez, from the artist one finds the intellectual part of his nature enjoying fruition in the rich cultural existence of pre-war Paris. Through his life marched his great contemporaries: Pablo Picasso, Henri Matisse, Rémy de Gourmont, Claude Monet, Rodin, Duse, Rubin Dario, Pavlowa, Isadora Duncan. Outstanding men and women of their generation congregated in the most liberal city of the world to animate and encourage each other, and to achieve opportunity and appreciation for their genius.

One night an artist asked Alfredo if he would like to meet Rémy de Gourmont, who at that time was the idol of the young French intellectuals. Martinez was delighted and accompanied his friend to a boulevard café where sat Rémy de Gourmont sipping a cointreau and conversing with a group of deferential young men. No one spoke but De Gourmont, and he was only answered by a reverent, "Yes, master, no master." When the author put his glass to his lips the students did likewise, when he put his glass down the young men followed his example. The extravagant homage took on the atmosphere of a dignified religious service.

The independent Mexican could endure it no longer, he stood up, took his hat in his hand and in his most courteous manner said, "I am happy to have made your acquaintance, Monsieur de Gourmont, but I have work to do. I must go." The young men were confused, they looked bewildered.

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That night the friend who had introduced Martinez to De Gourmont called at his atelier and he was surprised to find Alfredo reading "Philosophic Nights in Paris." "I can't understand you, Ramos," he exclaimed. "You walk out while the most distinguished man in France is speaking and then you go home and devour his book. What is the matter with you?"

"The finest reflections of the intellect of a great author lie in his book, and are only to be completely understood in solitude."

One autumn Alfredo wearied of Paris and longed for the Netherlands. In a short time he was established in a small hotel facing the Amsterdam Canal. Everything he saw was paintable. Alfredo constructed a huge canvas and commenced to transfer to it the sensation he received whenever he looked out of the window. As line and mass became ships and water, Martinez' curiosity was aroused concerning the men who piloted the boats. He wanted to know their psychology, what they thought, how they lived. Alfredo was delighted with these simple Netherlanders. Somehow their humble dwellings, the poignant odor of food coming from the rural kitchens, reminded him of his own native Mexico.

Alfredo painted from sunrise to sunset hardly stopping for food. In his subconscious mind he saw English red where vermilion should have been. The canals, the ships, the boatmen cavorted in his imagination, they gave him no rest. Alfredo rose at night and from memory repainted all the work of the previous day. The same process was repeated the next night, and the next, until Martinez had had no sleep for a feverish week. He studied the canvas, the result of five months of fervid work. "It is dead," he said sorrowfully. "If my paintings are failures, my life is only a burlesque. My efforts have been sincere but the

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painting shows only superficial aptitude, and to me life without art is impossible."

As one deranged he went out in the street, he wished for a tree to fall upon him, he prayed for a cyclone, a tornado. He returned to his room, his irritation became rage. On his table he saw a knife, he grabbed it, and aimed at the picture. Alfredo dug the knife into the painting and slashed in every direction. The canvas resembled confetti. Then he threw the knife on the floor, the paint-box followed, then the palette, the easel. The landlord dashed into the room to find his gentle guest a turbulent maniac. "Pack up my things," shouted Alfredo. The innkeeper complied hurriedly while some of the room still remained intact.

Alfredo boarded the first train for Paris. He sat with his head bent down, his arms folded; he could understand the melancholy sorrow of a refugee leaving behind a burning farm. As the train approached Brussels, he thought of a painting of the Amsterdam Canal by Bertzon. "Why not get off," he said to himself, "and see how a strong artist handled the same subject?" The idea was some small consolation. Soon he was in the museum contemplating the picture he had visioned in his mind. "My God, this is macabre, academic. Mine had virility, it was alive!"

On returning to the Latin Quarter Alfredo wrote to his friend, the innkeeper of Amsterdam, to send him the fragments of his own canvas. When the strips arrived he put them together as a child reconstructs a puzzle. On beholding the result he boarded the next train for the Netherlands and in the same room on the banks of the Canal, Alfredo repainted the canvas. The picture received immediate acclaim in Paris.

After saturating himself for fourteen years in the life of

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Europe, Alfredo returned radiant with honors to Mexico and to the home of his family. Sara, his maternal sister, ecstatically embraced him, "I am so proud of you; the newspaper clippings have been wonderful."

He sat down to relax but his eye was arrested by large water colors on the wall. "Sara, whose paintings are these?"

"Why yours, just some things you did in Nueva Leon when you were a boy."

"Santa Maria!" He jumped up and walked closer to a painting of an Indian workman. Martinez folded his arms and seriously contemplated the picture from a distance, then closely. He whispered, "I could never have painted anything so beautiful. Are these really mine?"

"Why of course."

"What a tragedy," he groaned, "I have mutilated fourteen years," and then he added—pointing at his picture, "this is what I went to Paris to learn!"

"But I don't understand. You were so successful, your commissions, your *Le Printemps* that won the prize in the 1906 Automne Salon in Paris."

"Come here," he said taking her by the arm. "Look at the honest sincerity of this simple picture. It is spontaneous and it has all the psychology of the people. See how the form functions with the color. It is a complete unit and such sensitive original drawing. My God! Why did I go to Paris? Could I only be so unsophisticated again. Art must be pure. Yes, I have learned technique, anatomy; I have absorbed a little Giotto, a little El Greco, a little Cézanne, but I have submerged my own individualism. My subconscious is a walking Louvre. I have died of too many advantages. My sympathy is here, where I belong, among my own people."

"But Alfredo, your prizes, your fine criticisms. These

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paintings on the wall are only the works of a child."

"That child was a great artist," he answered with misery in his voice. "In admiring the waves I have become lost in the ocean."

For two disconsolate years Alfredo could not paint.

ALFREDO RAMOS MARTINEZ believes that everyone possesses talent — some for painting, some for business, some for music, but that most of the natural aptitude of the world is destroyed by repressive and unintelligent education.

In 1913 he was offered the directorship of the Academy of Santa Anita. He refused. "No, not I — I am the enemy of all academies." Crowds of pupils swarmed the garden of his home. They wrote seranades and sang to him, they pleaded with him. "We know we are not taught the real art. Life is taken out of our work." Their words were reminiscent of the intense grief Martinez himself had suffered as a boy of nine in the Bellas Artes Academy. He understood the directorship would mean the sacrifice of his own work, but he felt their need so profoundly that he accepted and for twelve years he seldom had time to paint.

This self-abnegation is indicative of the man's character. It is very difficult for the creative artist to put himself in the rôle of an interpreter, although Martinez' teaching is creative as well as recreative. The experiment was selfless, but in giving of himself he grew. No one can truly teach without learning at the same time. As George Moore put it: "The instinct of teaching is but the fruition of a man's belief in the truth of his ideas."

The first School of Outdoor Painting was started with only ten boys. In 1914 Martinez opened a second school in the gardens of his old Spanish Colonial home in

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Coyoacan. In 1925 he assumed directorship of four other schools and placed former students of his in charge. Eleven thousand children have come under his jurisdiction.

Instruction in the new school was based on an emotional approach instead of on an intellectual appeal. Martinez believes the born creator is primarily an intuitive person, and should be guided by the teacher but never taught. He thinks enthusiasm and sympathy are essential for the embryonic artist — that his sensitivities should be developed by making him aware of the world in which he lives, by opening his eyes wider. Martinez is a natural psychologist, his first instinct is to destroy fear. He builds up the self-confidence of the student, making him cognizant of his own faculties.

"Stay away from the museum," he told his pupils, "but observe nature."

The students were given absolute freedom; permitted to choose their own subject, their own medium, and their individual technique. The director and his assistants acted only in an advisory capacity. All material was furnished by the government.

In 1926 Martinez went to Vasconcelos, who was then Minister of Art and pleaded, "Let me take an exhibit of my students' work abroad. France has her museums, her gay life, her fine merchandise. The United States has her industrialism, her sky-scrapers, her factories; Mexico is not a commercial country, she has only her art. I want to show the world what we have been doing. Some day tourists will flock to Mexico to see the work of our artists."

Vasconcelos gave his consent.

Martinez took a traveling exhibit of his school to Paris, Berlin and Madrid. In the throes of various European "isms" and specious fads, the cogent honesty and

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naïve talent of these young primitives caused bewilderment. "How does he do it?" "His teaching is uncanny." There seems to be no explanation other than the personality and the belief of the man himself. His gift for teaching is almost psychic.

Maurice de Waleffe wrote in the Paris Midi, "Go see the exposition of the pictures painted by little Mexican Indian students, from eight to twelve years of age. They stupefy our artists. They will someday stupefy our sociologists."

"The most celebrated painters, such as Picasso and Foujita have been tremendously enthusiastic about these works of the children and have shown great interest in these happy efforts of Monsieur Martinez," quoted the New York Herald of Paris.

Paris critics awaited Paul Rosenberg's opinion of the exhibit, but he only shook his head and walked around the gallery refusing to comment. Finally the room cleared. Martinez and the famous dealer remained alone. "Ramos," said Rosenberg tragically, "it is frightful. These pictures of your little Mexican children are so beautiful that they destroy all our theories, all we know."

It is unfair that writers of the Mexican Renaissance do not give Alfredo Martinez credit for founding and inspiring the celebrated outdoor school of painting. Even Anita Brenner in "Idols Behind Altars" claims "Best-Mougard the first pedagogical-artistic experimenter." The establishment of these revolutionary schools is thus far the outstanding accomplishment of Martinez' life, and has been the most significant influence in the artistic development of Mexico.

In 1928 Alfredo Ramos married the pretty Maria de Sodi. A year later a crippled child was born to them. Martinez resigned as director of the Academy and with

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his family he traveled to New York, to Rochester, to Chicago, to Los Angeles; everywhere he searched for a doctor who could make his baby strong and healthy.

He saw his child's pain, his wife's misery, his finances vanishing, and the infant at first no better. His spirit was rushing water imprisoned under frozen ice. In his wretchedness he could no longer paint in the conventional tradition. He turned for comfort once again to the subjects which interested him in his childhood; the humble Indian, the savage mountains of Mexico. In returning to his own roots, he entered the finest period of his art.

The combination of his intense suffering, his child's happy recovery, his casting off of the foreign influences, his experiments with his students which helped him to formulate his own conceptions, caused Martinez to reach an emotional maturity which culminated in his artistic rebirth.

Why are important walls given to inferior muralists when we have working quietly, unobtrusively, artists of great genius, capable of interpreting in plastic forms peculiar to us, the rhythm of our life, its tempo, its character, and its stirring beauty? It is an indictment of American art that commissions are given to men with political influence who transform our modern edifices into pages from commercial magazines, instead of to sincere artists who would metamorphose our walls with simplicity and their own vibrancy into murals of intense emotion.

In a day when the artistic world is infested by so many braggarts and charlatans, men who have no knowledge of construction, of form, of composition, of the real technique, no sensibilities, it is invigorating to find a consummate artist gentle, honest and capable.

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Name Five Venezuelan Ventriloquists!

MARGARET PARTRIDGE BURDEN

Relations between host and guests
Are warped by information tests.

Some evenings when the men come back
With long cigars and Armagnac,
A hitherto attractive host
Suggests the games I hate the most
(Those games in which he takes delight
In proving I am not quite bright) —
In vain, alternatives I seek
Like Contract, or six-pack bezique;
Though I protest until I'm croupy,
He still insists on mental whoopee.

While heretofore I thought him cordial
My feelings change to hatred Borgial —
My brain goes blank, my thoughts are harried,
(Would that my parents had not married!)
As rats leave sinking keels behind
All inspirations flee my mind.

I never can recall the dates
Of European potentates—,
Remember Nelson's last manœuver,
Or list the paintings in the Louvre;
My cranium I cannot vex
With twenty glands that end in X,
Or seven Swedish appetizers

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Or thirty heroines of Dreiser's —
Why have I not some vague memento
Of artists in the cinquecento?

I know my mental age is three
But why display it publicly?
Why turn a most congenial soiree
Into a night of toil and worry?
The joys of dining home I pore on
While being classified a moron.
The sadist who arranged the dinner
Appears to be the only winner;
He solves at once each baffling poser
Because he learnt them all — sub rosa.

Oh, who will grant my anguished prayers
To do away with questionnaires?

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Reorganizing these United States

HERBERT C. PELL

WE MUST separate basic principles from the accidents of mechanism. I propose that we should set up new governments over the various groups of the country, which we may call provinces. I suggest: (1) New England; (2) New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland; (3) the southern Atlantic states; (4) the Gulf states, Oklahoma and Arkansas; (5) Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois; (6) the prairie states; (7) the mountain states, and (8) the Pacific coast.

I make no attempt to argue for these particular divisions, but it seems to me that each has a genuine local interest. Most of their products are consumed locally; their social and financial structures are self contained. There is such a thing as a New England attitude; the Pacific coast has its own ideas; there is a genuine distinction between the Iowa point of view and that of Ohio or of Alabama.

These provinces, like the states in 1789, would have individual social structure and standards. Things done in one would not be tolerated in another, and vice versa. However great their business intercourse might be with other parts of the country, a very large part of their manufactures and agricultural products would be consumed within the provincial boundaries. In other words, they represent actualities — real social, business, and political units.

It is absurd that the Federal government should be bound to respect privacies which are no longer private, and that the states should preserve powers which they

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originally retained because their exercise could affect only themselves, long after these powers reach far beyond their own boundaries.

If a man, in 1789, owned a stretch of land three miles across, he would have had the unquestionable right to buy the biggest cannon he could find and blaze away to his heart's content. It does not, however, follow that his descendant, who may have inherited every inch of the ancestral acres, can safely be allowed to set up a sixteen-inch gun and bombard the country-side for twenty miles around.

Except for the natural objection to novelty which lays such a heavy burden of proof on every proposal, there is no administrative reason why a regrouping and reorganization of the United States government along the original lines, should present any extraordinary difficulties. It would be opposed by selfish politicians who object to any change for the same reason that rotten apples object to a windstorm. At the first motion, off they go, and come falling to the ground for the pigs to eat. There would also be objection from business interests, which have been able to do, in the twilight zone between authorities, what they would not have been allowed to accomplish if subject to a clear jurisdiction.

There should be taken from the Federal power, and given to the new provincial governments all those extensions which have accrued to the United States since 1789, leaving to Washington only the direction of foreign affairs, the army and navy, money, the post-office, and interprovincial commerce. This would make the Federal government genuinely national.

As a member of Congress, I was impressed by the fact that most members regarded themselves as ambassadors of localities, and not as members of the national legisla-

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ture. Most of our time was occupied in discussing local proposals, none of which were of any interest to a tenth of the members. For this we should not blame the character of the individual congressman, but the conditions which have forced the Federal government to intervene so often in matters, which, though they transcend the power of the present states, have no real national significance.

The new provincial governments would receive from the states the rule over many things which in practice are interstate, but not interregional — higher education, bankruptcy, business procedure generally, marriage, divorce, interstate but intraprovincial highways, automobile licenses, liquor regulation, building standards, criminal law, and suffrage. There would be every facility provided for the provincial governments to make agreements between themselves on any subject not affecting the nation as a whole.

The subjects which the proposed provincial governments would control would be those which actually transcend the powers of state authorities, and which affect the interests of the province, but not those of the nation. The standard of higher education varies throughout the country, but does not change very much from state to state. The standards of culture and respect for learning are pretty much the same throughout the Northeast. Degrees from northeastern colleges have approximately equal value, and mean something very different from the sheepskins issued by football colleges or monkey law universities. A Federal Department of Education which had to consider the fundamentalist folly of Tennessee, or the recent passionate hatred of intellect of Louisiana, would be useless to the literate sections of the nation.

Business customs and standards of financial honesty do not vary according to state lines, although they are very

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different in different parts of the country. For this reason bankruptcy and business procedure should be left as much as possible to provincial control. The honest would be better able to enforce the accepted standard, and the dishonest would have fewer imaginary lines across which to jump. The low business standards which are a menace to this country would be substantially improved by provincial control. We can count on legislative hypocrisy to set a standard quite high enough for practical purposes, but this standard can be enforced only by public opinion.

The experiment of prohibition cost the nation much in health, in moral strength, and in courage, but it taught a great deal to the intelligent observer. Among the facts which it emphasized, is the impossibility of enforcing a moral code unless it be supported by the vast majority of the people. For the first time, it was impressed on us that there are certain classes of legislation which require more popular support for their enforcement than do others. If the barest majority decided to go on the red and stop on the green, or adopted daylight saving, or the metric system, the minority would unquestionably acquiesce. Prohibition taught us to measure opposition not only by numbers but by intensity.

Federal laws to regulate business over the whole nation are almost certainly dangerous, because they must be too lax for one part of the country, or too strict for another. The result is that however specific their physical commands may have been, their moral sanction has been vague. Business men treat them as unpleasant rules, rather than as enunciations of principles by which they are morally bound. If the control of banking and of business generally were left to the provincial governments, there would very rapidly develop an accepted standard for the conduct of business.

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Marriage and divorce should also be settled by the provinces. A Federal law covering these subjects would be almost as fruitful of misfortune as was the Volstead Act. A general average of our divorce laws applied throughout the country would offend most standards. It would be impossible to draw a statute which would satisfy the people of the South, where divorce is practically unheard of and unquestionably frowned on by public opinion, and at the same time be consonant with the extremely easy ideas on this subject which exist in some parts of the West where divorces need little more than registration. A national divorce law would result either in free love or in the widespread collusion and fraud which exist in the state of New York.

The New York statute permits divorce only for adultery. The result is that people go to other states for the purpose of achieving divorce, or else obtain it in New York by collusion, with the whole affair arranged by attorneys. I do not believe that a quarter of New York divorces — certainly not a quarter of divorces obtained by New Yorkers — are the result of genuine indignation at actual physical infidelity perpetrated in partnership with the person named as corespondent. Sexual morals in California affect the lives of Carolinians less than does the weather in Milwaukee, and it seems absurd to burden Carolinian representatives with the guardianship of Pacific virtue.

The rights of the Federal government, of the provincial governments, and of the state and local governments, to various forms of taxation should be very much more clearly defined than they are today. No one can have motored much in the United States without having frequently noticed just before crossing a state line, signs telling him that it is his last chance to buy gasoline in a

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state where it is taxed less than in the sovereignty he is approaching.

Certain states, in their efforts to allure rich residents, have bound themselves by their constitution to exact no inheritance or income taxes. The states which have income taxes are daily losing the citizenship of rich individuals who are moving to other states which bid for their residence.

We may conclude, therefore, that among the resources of the Federal government should be all income and inheritance taxes, and that no other tax on income or inheritance should be levied by any provincial, state, or local government. These taxes should be the main support of the Federal government, supplemented by import duties, postal receipts, and to a certain extent by patent fees, and services of that nature.

The provinces should derive their revenue from exclusive sources which could be tapped neither by the national, state, nor local governments. These should include excises, corporation taxes, fees for licenses to practice professions. The state and local governments would maintain themselves exclusively on real estate taxes and licenses charged to carry on local businesses.

We must recognize the facts. I have tried to work out a plan by which to preserve the original principles of the American government, without sacrificing the fullest efficiency of modern civilization. There is nothing sacred about tools. Our government was planned to give to local government all the power which it could properly exercise, and the control over all matters of merely local interest. The state government controlled those matters which were beyond the power of local administration, and *did not affect other states*. The Federal government was designed to be purely an interstate affair.

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The ideal which inspired those who planned this governmental mechanism was the desire to give to every individual the utmost liberty in the conduct of his private life, in the management of his property, and in the expression of his opinion, consistent with the maintenance of justice, and of public order. The ingenious and clever organization which was devised at the constitutional convention, was planned primarily to protect the individual from undue restraint and the public from unjust exploitation.

The justification of the machine set up in 1789 by Washington and his associates, was that it achieved its object, and continued with great efficiency to give to the people the liberty and protection which they wanted, until the material conditions of the country changed to such an enormous extent as to unbalance the political structure.

Our local governments are the scandal of the world. County governments are corrupt and useless, as out of date and full of danger as the vermiform appendix. These governments direct what are no more than administrative units — often unwieldy, and almost always moribund. They are able to call on no real loyalty; they represent no real interest. States, as a rule, take about the place that was filled in 1789 by the counties. Intra-state buiness is today about what intra-county business was then. State life and state loyalty are taken as seriously as county life and county loyalty in the time of Washington.

There is, however, nothing to take the place, midway between the locality and the nation, that was originally occupied by the states. We have New Englanders, southerners, middle westerners; we have the Pacific coast, but we do not have any New England government, or southern government, or government of the Pacific coast,

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to provide them with a political unity, and the means of giving official expression to their opinion.

If any measure is desired by more than one state, it must be granted from Washington. A question which can only affect the Pacific coast cannot be decided by the coast representatives, but must be put to the votes of Congressmen from all over the country, who have neither knowledge of nor interest in the matter. The result is the system of log-rolling by which the desires of any section of the country can be fulfilled only if its representatives mollify those of other districts. Most members of Congress vote on these measures with an ignorant partisan bias.

When improvements in New England are needed, they must be paid for out of the national treasury, and the representatives of New England must make agreements with leaders of the majority party, and support measures in other parts of the country of which they know nothing. If we had provincial governments, we would have local responsibility, real local administration and probably less expenditure. A member who "brings home the bacon" at the expense of the Federal government, gets much more political profit out of his accomplishment, than would the man who had achieved expenditure at the expense of local taxation.

The erection of such provincial governments must be a necessary preliminary if we are to maintain the principles on which our government is founded. It is impossible that forty-eight states should remain politically separate, when they are neither economically nor socially independent. It would be a very unfortunate thing if the states were to become administrative districts of the Federal government. If the governor of a state is to differ from a satrap or prefect, he must be the head of a real organization. The states are no longer real sections of

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the country, and there is no use trying to galvanize their corpses into occasional convulsions. At the same time, it is almost impossible to govern a nation as a unit, if that nation be as genuinely divided as the United States is today.

Sooner or later, there must be some recognition of the real divisions of the country — laws made for the Pacific coast must differ from those made for New England. A system suitable for the Northeast must be provided even though it shall not suit the far South. The South must be treated as the real entity that it is. This must happen. Facts must be recognized. In twenty years we will either see a unification of each section, and the setting up of sectional governments such as I suggest, or we will find the Federal government dividing the administration of many of its laws through districts governed by Federal proconsuls.

The Federal Reserve Bill divided the country into financial districts. Unless there is set up in each section an administration able to provide the tools for the control of power and of public utilities, different regulations will have to be made by divisions of the I.C.C. and by other Federal regulatory boards.

The mania of the New Era and the prostration that followed it were not isolated phenomena unpredictable and without visible cause. We were not hit by a shooting star. They were the inevitable consequence of the system of society in which they were produced. The New Era boom rose higher than that which preceded the panic of the early 'nineties, and the collapse brought us lower. Every crisis has been worse than its predecessor because the economic structure of the country diverged more and more from the social and political organizations which were unable to control it.

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If we are to preserve the principle of a government responsible to the people over which it rules, rather than to outsiders, it will be necessary to set up a system of provincial governments. Either the Federal government will extend its power to compress the states and take from them all dignity and all power, or we will have the states forming unions among themselves, which will be strong enough actually and effectively to control all matters of sectional interest. That No Man's Land, in which astute lawyers have erected hideouts for powerful knaves must be cleared.

The Federal government will either extend its power to the inmost bounds of the states, or we will have new states arising to assume the dignity and reality of the old. There is no third alternative. Is government to be sent up, or to be sent down?

We cannot hope to see our problem solved by political passion or by a balance of class selfishness. The question concerns the future of our country, and the future of every individual in it. Unless an adequate answer is found, the nation will be weak and feeble, and every one of us will be very, very uncomfortable. Human happiness is impossible without security; our ideal is liberty under fixed conditions. Contentment requires certainty, and certainty is of all things in the world the least likely to result from our present system.

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Old Calamity

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THE most capable executives in the United States never receive one line of publicity. No magazine ever "writes them up." No newspaper columnist, in search of "personality" material, ever gives them a thought. It would not occur to writers to look for them in the places where their work is so unobtrusively performed. Yet in the course of their daily duties they are called upon to display more diversified abilities, more courage, more understanding, and more force and stamina than ninety-nine out of a hundred big business executives who are paid from ten to thirty or forty times as much.

"Old Calamity," as deputy wardens are known in prison the country over, is the heart, lungs and liver of the penitentiary system. Around him revolves the entire institution, and upon him, and often upon him alone, depends the success or failure of the warden's administration. For in the larger prisons the warden is so occupied with the financial affairs of the institution (they often cost several million dollars a year to run) that all the actual contacts between prisoners and officers must be left to the deputy. Let's see now what the deputy warden of an institution of, say, three thousand prisoners and about two hundred and fifty guards and employes, does to keep himself from being bored.

His first duty is to interview every new arrival. In a big prison there will be times when as many as forty or fifty convicts will arrive in a single day — a heterogeneous collection from every social stratum and of every conceivable "anti-social" background. Each one of them has to be mugged and fingerprinted, and has to give to the

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Record Clerk as much of his history as he's willing to give, which is just about as much as he thinks the officials know anyhow. With this meagre information before him, Old Calamity interviews each new arrival with bewildering rapidity. With the data gleaned from a quick survey of the man in front of him, and a dozen or so questions which is all he has time to ask if he wants to get his other work done, the deputy must decide on how the man is to be "celled" — that is, in which part of the institution he is to live and who is to be his cell partner — and in which shop he is to be assigned to work.

One man asks that he be celled with prisoner Hendrickson. "Cousin o' yours?" the deputy inquires casually. The prisoner nods. Somehow or other, they're always cousins. "Well, we'll see what Hendrickson has to say about it," says Old Calamity, in the meantime indicating that the new arrival is to be placed in a different cell-house than that occupied by Hendrickson, and also assigned to a different shop. A few minutes later the inquiry which the deputy has set in motion proves what he suspected all along. Hendrickson has "stooled" on the new arrival, who is itching to "get even." The deputy's quick, and apparently casual decision has prevented a serious fight and possibly a murder.

Another prisoner also asks for a particular cell-mate. "No," says the deputy shortly, "cell you alone." A glance has shown him the feminine mannerisms of the typical pervert. Another of the men is a banker who speculated with the bank's money and lost. His trembling lip and quavering replies to the deputy's questions indicate the mental and emotional struggle which he is undergoing. The deputy cells him with one of his own kind, rather than with some illiterate "roughneck" with whom he would have nothing in common, and whose very presence

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would "rub in" his degradation and, perhaps, break him down completely.

Another is assigned to the end cell nearest the guard's desk. His papers show that he has broken jail twice. So he is put where the guard can keep an eye on him at all times. Still another receives a nod from the deputy. "Back again, Hargrave?" Hargrave nods amiably. "Yes, sir, and I'd like to get in B. cell house, if you please, sir." Old Calamity smiles grimly. "No use," he replies, just as amiably, "Ostricher's gone." Ostricher is the guard who was caught smuggling in narcotics to prisoners just after Hargrave completed his last term. The face of Hargrave, a drug addict who has taken at least five "cures," shows his disappointment as he suddenly loses interest in B. cell house.

In half an hour, or even less, all the prisoners are "celled." Each must then be assigned to work. Half of the prisoners know exactly what they want to do. During the long days awaiting trial in the county jail, they have made careful inquiries of their fellows who have been in this particular "stir" concerning the jobs which are easiest. The tailor shop, let us say, has the call. So the first man promptly replies "Tailor" when the deputy asks him what he did on the outside. "Ever do any busheling?" the deputy inquires casually. The prisoner looks blank. "Put him in the stone shed," Old Calamity directs his aid, and the balance of the men standing in line suddenly decide that they were something else besides tailors.

If the prisoner's crime shows him to be of a quarrelsome and belligerent disposition, he cannot be placed in a shop where hammers, knives or other articles which can be used as weapons are handled. If he's delicate-looking he must be kept out of the rope shop, as the flying lint may bring on lung trouble. If he's clumsy, he can't be

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put in the tailor shop, as he may spoil several hundred dollars' worth of work while learning. If he's well educated and clever (but not too clever) he's placed in an office job. And Old Calamity must make his decisions with lightning-like rapidity.

But he must be as careful as he is quick, since a slight mistake can very easily be followed by serious consequences. More than one prison murder has been due to a deputy's mistake in assigning a convict to a shop where he worked with something which could be used as a weapon. Even an assignment to a clerk's job in one of the offices may have serious results. I have known several instances in which such prisoners changed the commitments of their fellows, and "doctored" the other records to conform, so that some of the convicts were released a year or two before their time expired. There are dozens of other ways in which prisoner-clerks can do serious damage, if they are placed in positions where they can learn too much about the inner workings of the institution. It is Old Calamity's business to see to it that those placed in such positions are men who can be trusted.

Despite the general belief to the contrary, there are many such in the penitentiaries: men who, through sheer unfortunate circumstances, were led to commit a crime, but who are not in any sense criminals in the ordinary acceptance of that term. But if the deputy should be guilty of an error of judgment, and not pick such a man, almost anything can happen. Warden Moyer, the warden of Sing Sing a few years ago, was forced to make good a loss of eight thousand dollars caused by a prisoner's forging his name to a check. At another institution several prisoners were released, following a fake telegram taken over the telephone by one of the prisoner-clerks in the office. There is also, of course, an untold amount of petty

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graft on the part of such prisoner-clerks in a position to do little favors for their fellows.

After Old Calamity has celled and assigned to work thirty or forty prisoners, he has the balance of the day to devote to making two or three rounds of the institution — listening to the complaints of various prisoners who have asked for an audience with him; acting on their requests for special favors or privileges; hearing the stories of prisoners charged with infractions of the rules, and deciding on what punishments to mete out to them; taking charge of the mess hall at meal times; directing the search for a prisoner who escaped the day before; reassigning his guard force to take care of the vacancies caused by sickness, resignations or other reasons; seeing what is causing that milk shortage on the prison farm; finding out what became of those fifty missing fingerprint records; and generally being in three or four places at one time and carrying on five or six conversations at once.

During his leisure time between those and his eighty or ninety other duties, Old Calamity makes a contact with his "stool pigeons" (every deputy has them, no matter what he may say about it publicly) so that he can keep his finger on the pulse of the institution and thwart the dozens of plots, counterplots, intrigues and "framings" constantly being hatched in every penal institution the world over.

By the time Old Calamity has attended to these few duties, making allowances for a hundred or more interruptions, the whistle blows for lunch. So the deputy goes to the mess hall and takes charge, sitting at a little raised desk in the front of the room. There are, say, about two thousand prisoners in the room, a large percentage of them highly emotional and "spoiling" for some kind of trouble. One prisoner curses a waiter because he thinks

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he intentionally put a piece of bone on his plate instead of meat. There is a slight ripple, a craning of necks, a flash of the deputy and two or three "screws" hurrying to the scene — and the disturbance dies a-borning.

But not always. Sometimes the cursing one follows his oaths with something more substantial in the way of a blow — and in an instant a fight, the most welcome diversion in the monotony of prison life, is in full swing. No two gladiators ever received a more enthusiastic reception. Two thousand men are on their feet, screaming, cursing, looking uncertainly round for some leader who will show them how they can use the situation to their own advantage.

To know the calibre of man it takes to be a deputy warden, one must be present at an occurrence like this. I once witnessed such a scene at the Federal Prison at Leavenworth. Several plates had been thrown by the more enthusiastic prisoners, who took this means of showing their appreciation of the fighters' efforts, and the situation was beginning to look decidedly serious. And then, just as suddenly as it began, it stopped. Old Calamity was standing by the two pugilists, calmly interrogating them concerning their trouble. "Come on out," he said softly, leading one of the prisoners out of the room and turning him over to a guard at the threshold. The prisoners looked at one another in bewilderment. What had promised to be a thrilling diversion had miraculously come to an end. With a sigh of disappointment they resumed their meal.

It was all done so calmly, so casually, that one would think the deputy didn't realize his danger. But one should not make that mistake. There isn't a day in the year when he isn't in similar danger, and he knows it. But a deputy warden is as nearly fearless as it's possible

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for a human to be. It takes more than mere fearlessness to make a deputy warden, but no deputy warden ever remained one for long who didn't possess that quality in superabundant measure. At the most unexpected times, emergencies arise which can only be met by the most unflinching courage.

Every deputy warden of every large penitentiary handles such emergencies as a matter of course many times during the course of a year. I remember upon one occasion, in the yard of the Federal Prison at Atlanta, a prisoner in one of the lines marching in to lunch suddenly attacked the deputy, yelling at the same time, "Come on, boys, we'll take the place." But Old Calamity shook him off, struck him with the cane he always carries while in the yard, and then, walking calmly up and down in front of the line of several hundred men, three quarters of whom could have "licked" him in a fight, he inquired if there were any more who wished to attack him, and threatened, to use his own words, to "spatter them against the wall." I have known this same deputy, on several occasions, to go unarmed into the barricaded cell of a prisoner who, table-leg in hand and half-crazy with rage, threatened to kill the first person who approached.

Every deputy warden is occasionally called upon to do this, as it is a common practice for disgruntled or crazy prisoners to barricade themselves in their cells and refuse to come out. Occasionally, in such cases, an ammonia gun is used to stupefy the prisoner; but more often deputies are so afraid of hurting the prisoner, and thus causing criticism, that they would rather take chances of themselves being hurt or killed.

At times, in order to support his authority and his reputation for fearlessness, it is even necessary for Old Calamity to grandstand a little, even though he is in reality the

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most modest of men. I was once present in an institution when a deputy warden gave such a theatrical display. He told me that he had heard through his stool pigeons that one of the prisoners had boasted he intended to kill him if he ever laid hands on him — this remark following a fight in the mess hall during which the deputy grabbed a prisoner by the arm and took him out. "Want to see something yellow?" he inquired. I indicated that I did, although I was at a loss to know what he meant. "Come down to the mess hall at noon and I'll show you something," he remarked. So I went down.

After the men had all been seated, and before he gave the signal to begin eating, Old Calamity arose and, amid intense silence, walked slowly down the aisle. He stopped about halfway. "Marchant," he said, addressing a tough-looking prisoner, "I understand you said you'd kill me if I ever took hold of you. Come here," he went on, his manner suddenly changing, as he grabbed the prisoner by the coat collar. Stupefied and silly-looking, the prisoner arose and, in a silence which could be cut with a knife, allowed the deputy to lead him out of the room. Immediately he left, there was an excited buzz among the prisoners. In spite of the efforts of the guards, it soon broke out into open conversation, in violation of the rules. Then, just as suddenly, it was stilled. I could tell what had happened without looking up. The deputy had returned, and the men recognized their master.

Sometimes Old Calamity will use similar grandstanding methods to break the power of a leader among the prisoners, particularly when that leadership has become a menace to the safety of the institution. The almost foolhardy courage which a deputy warden will show on such an occasion smacks strongly of comic opera. One such prisoner, who had a large following among the most dis-

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orderly element in the institution, boasted openly that he would someday kill the deputy warden. Thereupon Old Calamity, learning that this man had been a barber, sent for him and said, "I'm going to see just how much nerve you have. You say you're going to kill me. All right, I'm going to give you the chance. Come over to the barber shop with me."

When they arrived, Old Calamity climbed into one of the chairs and, without even looking around, said curtly, "Shave me." The prisoner hesitated, while the deputy settled back comfortably in his chair and the other prison-barbers wet their suddenly-dry lips and looked at each other in nervous alarm. But Old Calamity got his shave without mishap — while his barber, suddenly made ridiculous and craven, immediately lost his leadership among the prisoners, as there is nothing, outside of a stool pigeon, that the average convict hates more than a "four-flusher."

To get still another angle on just what it means to be a deputy warden, one must see the mass of complaints and requests which come to his desk every day: complaints about the food, the medical service, ill treatment by a guard, bulldozing by another prisoner, refusal by the clothing officer to issue a new suit of underwear, request for change of work because of cold contracted while scrubbing the corridors, alleged theft of completed work by another convict (a common complaint where a daily task is assigned) and so on, and on.

The requests are for extra letters or visits, for the restoration of "good time" previously taken away, for a position as trusty, for permission to spend some time in the yard each day because of bad health, for the restoration of baseball or tobacco privilege, for permission to put on some kind of holiday performance, for authority to organ-

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ize a football league, for permission to wear the shoes which the inmate brought with him, and for a thousand and one other things of every kind and description. A definite decision must be made in each case. Prisoners are quick to recognize evasions or "trimming," while a deputy warden who promises he'll look "into it," and doesn't, quickly loses the supreme authority so necessary to his position.

I have watched a deputy warden during these requests for interviews give forth a steady stream of "No. Yes. Yes. No," in a way which seemed to indicate that it was merely a matter of chance whether a prisoner's request was granted or not. But the deputy was able to give a good reason for each decision. A prisoner was refused an extra letter because he had already had an extra letter that month. Another was denied a change of work because a stool pigeon had reported to the deputy that this particular man had a plan for escaping which necessitated possession of a chisel, and the transfer which he wanted was to the carpenter shop.

Another was granted a change of job because he was the brains of a plot to escape, and Old Calamity knew he could be more carefully watched in the second place than in the first — although the prisoner himself didn't know it. Another had his good time restored, even though his record had not been of the best, because the deputy wanted to get his friendship to use him as a stool pigeon — not a particularly honorable procedure, perhaps, but then after one has dealt with thousands of criminals who are past masters in the art of trickery and deceit, he finds he must meet guile with guile if he wishes to survive in the struggle. And so it goes, until Old Calamity has disposed of possibly a hundred, or a hundred and fifty requests at one sitting.

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After lunch comes "court call," when the prisoners who have been "shot" (reported) during the previous twenty-four hours are brought before the deputy for an accounting of their conduct. One will be charged with talking while at work, another with insolence to an officer, a third with striking a guard, another with malingering in order to avoid work, still another with wilfully destroying property or wasting food, six or eight with fighting and any number of them with lagging behind in line. The latter may not seem serious offense to an outsider, but "on the inside" many prisoners lag behind for no other purpose than suddenly to drop out of line altogether, so that they can "hide out" somewhere in the institution awaiting an opportunity to escape.

Every one of these prisoners is innocent, to hear him tell it. All those accused of fighting were attending industriously to their work when, without the slightest warning, the other men suddenly attacked them. Those accused of cursing an officer earnestly explain that it was all a mistake, that the cursing was done by the man back of them in the line whose name they do not know. The man who threw the brick was merely testing his strength when the brick suddenly slipped out of his hand and nearly struck the officer. The four or five charged with wasting food suddenly developed a terrific stomachache so that they couldn't eat another mouthful, while the mere suggestion that they had attempted to avoid work is met by the alleged malingerers with an expression of anguish that anyone should think they would be so depraved.

Faced with this conflicting and contradictory evidence, Old Calamity dispenses his frontier justice. One man gets five days in the "cooler" (the solitary cell), another has his tobacco privilege taken away, the malingerers are

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denied the Saturday afternoon privilege of the yard for a month, the fighters are not permitted to attend the weekly movie show for two or three weeks, the man who attempted to strike the guard has thirty days' "copper" (good time) taken away from him and is warned that a repetition of this offense means the "pickling room" (an isolated part of the institution where chronic assaulters of guards are kept), while those who talked in line either lose letter privileges for a week, or are dismissed with a reprimand.

Besides endeavoring to mete out justice to the prisoners, on which his reputation as a "square shooter" largely depends (and the value of this reputation is not to be sneezed at inside the penitentiary as well as out), Old Calamity must give the guards who made the reports the impression that he is backing them up, whether he really is or not. For that reason, he will often give a reprimand to the prisoner in front of the guard, when he knows well enough that the fault lies with the latter rather than with the convict. The next time he sees the prisoner while making his rounds he will stop and chat with him a little and, without directly saying so, give him to understand that he knows the rebuke he gave him was undeserved.

Anyone who does not think this is necessary does not know prison guards. They are as temperamental as opera singers. The most heinous offense which a deputy warden can commit is a failure to "back them up" when they make a report against a prisoner. Upon one occasion, while I was Inspector of Prisons for the Federal government, I made an investigation of the guard force at one of the United States prisons. I found that one guard had not made a report against a prisoner for more than two years. When I questioned him concerning this, he virtuously declared that when he made his last report,

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the deputy warden, instead of putting the man in the "cooler" as he should have done, had let him off with a reprimand. Then and there, the guard made up his mind never to report another prisoner.

With this kind of temperament to contend with, Old Calamity's difficulties in assigning the guards to work in order to keep them all satisfied can easily be imagined. In most institutions the guards "rotate" at regular intervals, so that, in a three-shift institution, a guard will work three months on day duty and six months on the first and second night shifts. They will also rotate in jobs, a guard who is in a tower on the wall for three months being placed in charge of a work gang for the next three. For some reason guards seem to like tower duty, although standing for eight hours in one spot doing nothing but holding a loaded rifle in the arms would seem to almost anyone else to be the hardest kind of work.

Many guards who are excellent on the walls are utterly worthless when placed in charge of a gang, as they cannot get the work out of the prisoners; and their near proximity to a large number of men seems to irritate them and cause them to note the trivial things and overlook the important ones. So, when the deputy finds a good gang-guard he tries with all the arts at his command to keep him from feeling that he is "getting the worst of it." If, however, the guard becomes disgruntled at not getting his turn of duty in the towers, Old Calamity must let him have it — thus weakening his force just that much and rendering it necessary to brace the weak spot by making some other kind of a shift.

To shift a hundred and fifty, or two hundred men of all degrees of individuality and temperament, and at the same time keep them all feeling that they are getting a square deal, is a job which would tax the patience of a

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Job and the wisdom of a Solomon. But the deputy warden who isn't able to do it doesn't remain a deputy very long. I have seen dozens of them come and go, watched the prison slowly become disorganized, the prisoners bitter and disgruntled, the guards angry and discontented, all working slowly and surely toward the inevitable "bust-up" of a bloody riot which one may read about at almost regular intervals in the newspapers.

If by any chance Old Calamity should run out of work during the day, he can begin an investigation of the matters reported to him in fifteen or twenty anonymous notes which have come to his desk during the week:

Deputy: One of the men in C. dormitory has got a gun.

Deputy: Watch McCreery on farm. He is getting ready for a break.

Deppity: There is 6 deks of junk in taler shop.

Deputy: Guard Morrison is stealing steaks and cooking them for his dinner every night,

and many others of a similar tenor. Many of the notes come from practical jokers among the prisoners who, either for the fun of it or to rid their souls of a grievance against the officials, want to give the deputy "a run around the block." But, although fully aware of this, Old Calamity cannot afford to disregard any of them.

The one about the gun in C. dormitory may be a practical joke. Or it may be that one of the prisoners there has a gun and is awaiting a favorable opportunity to make a break for freedom. Or it may even be that the prisoner who wrote the note has the gun and wants to frame an enemy by "planting" it in the other's mattress, the note being written merely to insure a quick "frisk" of the dormitory. Similar reasons may exist for all the others. McCreery's job on the farm may be coveted by another prisoner, who is taking this means of having the

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former brought in inside the walls. Or it may actually be that he is getting ready for a break. Old Calamity must have a talk with him and decide, from that brief interview, whether McCreery is or isn't.

Guard Morrison may be stealing steaks, or the note may be merely an effort on the part of a prisoner he reported to "get even." So each matter is thoroughly investigated, and enough of them prove to be true to cause Old Calamity to feel exceedingly thankful for his invisible friends who take this measure of showing their appreciation of his square treatment.

This atmosphere, of anything being likely to happen at any moment, which surrounds Old Calamity at all times, day and night, year in and year out, would make a nervous wreck out of almost any man in the world except a born deputy warden. Add to it the innumerable things which *do* happen, and you will get some slight idea of the kind of stamina it takes to hold a position of this kind. During the year there may be two or three fires in the various shops, almost invariably started by prisoners. There will be several occasions when the lights will suddenly be short-circuited by some prisoner's sticking a screw-driver or other piece of metal in a socket. These are usually designed to cover an attempted escape. No one knows where the blow is going to strike, and there are a few moments of feverish activity until the "breakdown" electric service gets to work and the officers can check up to see if anyone is missing. There will be a dozen or more sudden knife-fights between prisoners, any one of which may result in a death. And there will be the anxious times — possibly a half dozen during the course of a year — when the "count" is short!

One must see Old Calamity at such a time to get a lesson in what smooth, noiseless efficiency really is. Let's

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assume that the evening count shows three prisoners missing. Three things may have happened. There may have been a mistake in "taking the count." Or the count may be correct and the three prisoners "hiding out" in some part of the institution awaiting an opportunity to escape. Or they may actually have escaped already. Old Calamity takes no chances. Immediately the report reaches him, he phones the boiler room. In a few seconds the escape siren is being sounded — warning the country folk for four or five miles around, and causing many a farmer to take his old rifle from the wall and go out for the reward.

A few moments later the prison printing shop is running off thousands of *wanted* circulars, giving the names of the prisoners, their aliases, descriptions, peculiar markings and fingerprint classifications. As fast as they come off the press they are placed in already addressed envelopes, and sent to chiefs of police and peace officers through the entire country. While this is being done Old Calamity has sent for the correspondence record of the three prisoners — giving the names of the people to whom they have sent letters and from whom they have received them while in the institution.

As fast as he can get wires and long distance calls off, the police in the towns where these correspondents live are watching their homes to see if the escaped men come there for shelter or hiding. While his clerks, under his direction, are putting these wires and calls through, Old Calamity is interviewing the three cell-mates of the missing prisoners to see what he can find out from them, interrupting himself every few moments to listen to reports from the various squads of guards sent out in automobiles after the getaway, and to tell them where to go next in their hunt for the runaways.

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Not a half hour has elapsed. Old Calamity has not left his desk, nor raised his voice, nor betrayed the slightest sign that he is in the least bit worried or rattled. It is simply a part of his day's work. The chances are that in an hour or two a guard will come in with three sheepish-looking prisoners and inform the deputy that he found them "hiding out" in the carpenter shop. Old Calamity takes all their good time away, locks them up in the "cooler," and then, the incident forgotten, again turns to his thousand or so other duties.

Not one prison guard in five hundred is capable of being a deputy warden. And not one deputy warden out of a hundred, no matter how capable *he* is, ever becomes a warden. He's usually lacking in education and influence. All he has is an extraordinary ability in guiding, by the sheer force of his own personality, the lives of three thousand men of every degree of criminality and viciousness, and of every shade of abnormality and sub-normality, so that they can dwell together under the most unnatural conditions with an absolute minimum of friction and chafing. For this, if he's an exceptionally good deputy warden, he may receive as much as three thousand dollars a year.

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Where Ignorant Armies

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

The child plays on the sands
Alone, and takes in her hands
Shells, dried stars, sea-grass,
Stones hot with the sun;
And sometimes studies the gulls
Or carefully questions a wave
Or, squat at a troubled pool,
Peers to learn what there was.
Yet turning, will shout and run
While foam purrs at her heels:
Then turning will chase it back.
Secure upon beach or rock,
She is shrill with delight and daring
Or quiet and staring,
Pleased at the bright confusion
Above her innocent hair
Of birds wild over the sea.
But now she broods by a crab
Busy, as one assured
That afternoon at her back
Is filled with her victory.

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Modern American Biography

E. H. O'NEILL

AMERICAN biography has come of age. After nearly a generation of experimentation, life-writing in America has developed into a form of art as distinctive as the novel or the essay. We are no longer satisfied with the family memorial of the politician or the man of letters; we are no longer willing to wade through the "monumental" lives of statesmen; we want reality in our biography. We are tired of the "debunking" and rewrite schools of biography which flourished between 1920 and 1930. We no longer believe that the psychological or the psychoanalytical is the only approach to biographical interpretation. We want biography that is truthful, not sensational.

Though the rewrite and tabloid schools of biography are still in evidence, they have been superseded by that type of modern biography which, using the methods that have been in vogue for fifteen years, presents a complete, fair, and dignified treatment of the subject. We are no longer primarily interested in watching our prominent men being hauled from the pedestals which they may or may not have adorned. We want the truth, but we want it interestingly and fairly presented. We want to see both sides of the picture — to see the man as he really was.

The World War, which has been held responsible for much that is good and bad in our modern civilization, has had some effect on modern biography. Since the war most of us have looked at life and at men from a point of view very different from that of previous generations. We have questioned everything from God to government, and we have tried to see men and things as they are and

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were, not as we should like to have them. Our skepticism has not been irreverent; we have not been iconoclasts; we have been and are trying to seek the truth about the world and the people in it. It is no longer the fashion to accept authority; we must investigate for ourselves. Our fiction has gone beyond realism into naturalism and plain reporting; our poetry has taken on new and strange forms, some good and some bad; our drama has become the medium for examining, and generally satirizing, our social customs and habits; our biography has become creative and re-creative and sometimes, unfortunately, imaginative.

If we are to understand the development of modern biography, particularly in America, we must go back to 1918, for it was in that year that Lytton Strachey published "Eminent Victorians." It is to this book, along with "Queen Victoria," that we owe not only much of the best, but also much of the worst in modern life-writing. Mr. Strachey brought to biography, and to English prose, a marvelous knowledge of literature and life, a masterful command of irony, and an almost faultless style. These qualities, not always obvious, led many of his disciples and imitators into fields which they were not able to explore. They were deceived, by the apparent simplicity of the manner and style of these two books, into thinking that they could do likewise. Their knowledge was frequently superficial, their irony mere invective, and their style second-rate journalism. The result was an endless stream of books, many of which were forgotten within the season of their publication.

André Maurois and Emil Ludwig also affected the writing of biography in America for several years following the publication of "Ariel, the Life of Shelley" (1923) and "Napoleon" (1926). We know now that Maurois

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was using biography as a means of self-expression when he wrote "Ariel." Its effect in America was very unfortunate for it encouraged the use of fiction in biography, a use that cannot be defended even in the case of such an artist as M. Maurois. Ludwig introduced the dramatic element into modern biography. Herr Ludwig was a dramatist before he turned to biography, and it was quite natural that he should build his biographies on dramatic principles. His American followers lacked this experience, with the result that their presentations were theatrical rather than dramatic.

I am not inferring that these three men had only a bad effect on modern American biography. We profited by their influence, in that our better modern biographers adapted the best of the European methods to their material and to their points of view. A survey of their work from 1920 to the present time, will clearly show the steady development of life-writing as an art.

It took some time for the influences I have indicated to become apparent in American biography. As interest in this form of writing grew, the number of practitioners increased. Some turned to it because they saw an opportunity to explain the great and the notorious in history, literature and public life as they really were — in a style and language that would appeal to the modern reader. Others became fabricators of books called biographies because such work had become profitable. A third group turned to the form for both reasons, perhaps, but with a sincere intention, seldom realized, of making "heavy reading" light.

It is, I think, significant that our first genuine psychological biography appeared in 1920, when Katharine Anthony published "Margaret Fuller." This is one of the most important books in modern American life-writing,

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for it exhibits the advantages and the disadvantages of the purely psychological method. In this instance the method is perfectly suited and adapted to the subject. Because Margaret Fuller is what may be called a "case," it was not necessary for her biographer to approach the subject in any but a scientific spirit. The disadvantage of this method is that it naturally fits very few subjects. Used in conjunction with plain narrative or simple exposition as a means of developing the whole character of a man or woman, it is excellent; used alone it places insurmountable limitations on a biographer — because the unusual, the abnormal is only part of the story. We may understand the subject of a psychological analysis, but we cannot truly know him or imagine how he looked or acted under normal conditions. The picture of a disembodied soul is hardly the stuff of good biography.

The psychoanalytical method is no more successful as a sole means of biographical interpretation than is the psychological. The fault here is that in almost every instance the psychoanalytical biographer approaches his subject with a preconceived point of view, and so uses his material that every move, every thought is made to prove the biographer's thesis. One of the most striking examples of this method is Joseph Wood Krutch's "Edgar Allan Poe: a Study in Genius" (1926). Mr. Krutch based his book on the fact that Poe was a neurotic, and that all of his work was affected by his neuroses. It would be foolish to deny that Poe was a neurotic; it seems to me equally foolish to maintain that his work can be explained entirely or only on the basis of his neuroses. Mr. Krutch's book is interesting, and a valuable contribution to the body of Poe literature, but it is not good biography.

Like the pseudo-scientific biographies, the journalistic type of life-writing has run its course. It served a purpose

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for a time, giving the average reader a racy and so-called intimate account of the great and the near-great. Generally based on secondary sources, its only virtues were timeliness and a kind of smart iconoclasm that appealed to the undiscerning reader.

Akin to the journalistic biography was the type that set out deliberately to "debunk" its subject, to strip him bare of every ability and every virtue. The late Paxton Hibben was a master of this biographical invective, and he chose his subjects with care. In Henry Ward Beecher and William Jennings Bryan he found two men whose careers were ideally suited to his peculiar methods. Both had been popular idols in their respective fields, and both had had flaws in their characters. Mr. Hibben chose to use those weaknesses of character as the bases of his studies, giving us in "Henry Ward Beecher" and "The Peerless Leader" two classics in scandal-mongering and destructive criticism, without permitting a single ray of light to illuminate the canvases. There is no doubt that these books were popular for a time; that they are valueless as studies in personality is equally clear.

There were innumerable books of this kind published in the period of which I am writing, though I doubt that any of them will be read a decade after their publication. Their passing will be no loss, for they have served at least one purpose: to prove that biography must be more than amusing, more even than interesting, that it must be honest and truthful.

There is another class of life-writing to be mentioned — the fictional biography. This is not to be confused with biographical fiction. The latter is a perfectly legitimate form of the novel, in which the artist uses facts as a basis for the superstructure of his imagination; while the former, purporting to be true, is really a product of the

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author's imagination. The novelist can indulge in the "might have been"; the biographer cannot — unless he gives fair warning to his reader. I am inclined to think that the average fictional biography is not deliberately misleading, but that it is the result of unsuccessful excursions into the fields of psychological or psychoanalytical biography, or just plain attempts to accelerate the tempo of a subject which the author may have considered a little dull.

Of the host of these fictional biographies of the last decade, I might mention "Margaret Fuller" by Margaret Bell, and Johnston D. Kirkhoff's "Aaron Burr; a Romantic Biography." Trying to imitate Katharine Anthony's treatment of the same subject, Miss Bell succeeded only in producing a book close to the borderline of the novel, while Mr. Johnston paid far more attention to the romance of Burr's life than to its reality.

Critical biography has always been a difficult form because there is the constant tendency to place more emphasis on the criticism than on the life-writing. The ideal critical biography develops both phases at the same time, as an instance of which I mention Professor George E. Woodberry's "Life of Edgar Allan Poe," an earlier American biography.

One of the most brilliant contributions to critical biography was Amy Lowell's "John Keats." A distinguished poet and critic in her own right, and an ardent admirer of Keats, Miss Lowell brought to the writing of this book a robust enthusiasm, a profound knowledge of the technique of poetry, and superb critical judgment. The reading of "John Keats" is an intellectual adventure, and it is just because of this that the book fails to be a great biography. Keats is continually lost in the maze of Miss Lowell's scholarship, in her excursions into the realm of

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pure poetry, in her interest in the creation of the literature which has made Keats one of the great English poets. Regardless of the critical biographer's knowledge of, and interest in the work of his subject, that work must be subordinated to the major theme of the biography, the re-creation of the personality. This criticism holds good for the historical and the legal biographer, as well as for the critical biographer.

Despite the journalistic, pseudo-scientific fads and fashions of this period, biography has made more definite progress in the last fifteen years than has any other form of literature. Every branch of literature has been the subject of experiment; some of the experiments have succeeded, more have failed. Modern fiction, modern poetry, and modern drama are in various experimental stages, but biography has emerged and has taken on, not a new form, but a form that is the logical development of the various methods that have been tried in the last fifteen years. We have seen the rise of the psychological, psychopathic and pathological methods in life-writing. We have seen the two or three volumes of life and letters reduced to a sketch, an analysis, or a psychograph. We have seen the biography of an earlier day rewritten in modern slang and scientific jargon. We have seen facts sacrificed to effect, biography made into fiction or plain falsehood. We have seen the "debunking" school pull figures from pedestals and then break the pedestals. Some of the exhibitions were painful to many of us, but the operations eventually saved the patient.

The journalist who imbibed enough psychology to use some of the terms showed us that biography cannot be written that way; the psychologist or psychiatrist who tried to intensify his subject with the method of the journalist, showed that biography cannot be written that

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way. The more serious writer who started with a preconceived idea of his subject, and used only that source material which would prove his case, showed us that biography cannot be written that way. The critic, turned biographer and always judging the individual in terms of his art, showed us that biography cannot be written like that.

This is one side of the picture; the other view is much more encouraging. Since 1925, America's contribution to the best in the art of biography has been truly remarkable. The best biographers in this country, keenly aware of the developments in life-writing, have taken advantage of every innovation, adapting it to their subjects and their own methods. They have used psychology and psychoanalysis, imagination and drama as contributing factors in the re-creation of the personality of the individual. A glance at some of the outstanding lives of the decade will indicate the extent of our contribution to the art of biography. The biographies of Lincoln by Carl Sandburg and Albert J. Beveridge mark the high point of Lincoln life-writing. Neither is a complete biography, for Sandburg confined his book to the "prairie years," and Senator Beveridge died before his task was completed; but both are masterpieces of their kind, one in interpretive biography, the other in plain narrative. What these men have done for the earlier years of Lincoln's life, Rupert Hughes is doing for the whole of Washington's. When Mr. Hughes completes the three volumes already published which bring Washington's career to 1781, this biography will be the most complete and the best interpretation of Washington that we have.

In the field of authentic dramatic biography, "The Raven; a Biography of Sam Houston" by Marquis James, is a masterpiece. One of the most romantic and

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dramatic figures in American history, Sam Houston comes completely alive in this book. More than that, no biographer can be expected to do. In much the same manner, and with even more gusto, Herbert Gorman has re-created the author of "The Three Musketeers" in "Dumas, the Incredible Marquis." These books are not only great biographies; they are literature.

In the political field, we have Claude Fuess' "Daniel Webster," Henry F. Pringle's "Theodore Roosevelt," and Allan Nevins' "Grover Cleveland." It would be difficult to decide which is the best of the three, for each represents the best in personal and political biography. In other fields we have "President Eliot of Harvard" by Henry James, "The Life of Emerson" by Van Wyck Brooks, and "Sherman, Fighting Prophet" by Lloyd Lewis. Each of these books is done in an entirely different manner; each author has made such use of modern biographical methods as best suited his purpose; each life is a close approximation to the ideal of true biography: the re-creation of the man as he really was.

It would seem that the high point of interest in modern biography came in 1932. The financial depression may have had some influence on the biographical flood; though I am inclined to think that public taste, and more careful consideration of manuscripts by publishers, were responsible for the decrease in the quantity of biography published during the last three years. The decrease in the quantity of biographical literature has not affected its quality. The stream is running clearer with the passage of each year, and America is developing a literature of biography second to none.

One of the best signs of our progress is the fact that biographers are turning to new subjects or to those who have been neglected for generations. They are finding vast

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collections of new material, and bringing to the consideration of that material a modern point of view. Many a "forgotten man" has received tardy recognition in the last five years, and every phase of our history is being written in good biography. The most important recent biography is Douglas Freeman's "Robert E. Lee." We had to wait a long time for a complete and honest interpretation of the great military leader of the Confederacy, but our patience has been rewarded with a piece of life-writing that proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that American biography has come of age.

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Unions among the Unemployed

WILLIAM H. AND KATHRYN COE CORDELL

THE depression, like all phenomena of misery, has made strange bedfellows. The economic upheaval has accustomed us to accept many associations we would have disdained, had we even thought of them, during the Era of Prosperity but not of Good Will which was ushered out by the débâcle of 1929. This democratizing power of human misery is nowhere better illustrated than in the unions of the unemployed for the protection of their inalienable right *not* to starve in the midst of abundance. The movement toward the formation of "pauper unions" has made significant strides within the past two years, especially among that class of the unemployed which has benefited from the government's emergency relief program.

The public, or rather, that section of it more fortunately placed in the economic scale, has been surprised and in many cases shocked by headlines in the press to the effect that "FERA Workers Strike for More Relief." The newspapers have regularly carried stories from various states of protests, mass demonstrations and rioting by persons on relief. That these outbreaks, peaceful or violent, are often the result of careful, deliberate manœuvering by the officials and members of unions of the unemployed is known to few people outside of the relief set-ups. The public in general has regarded this agitation as spontaneous and sporadic in its manifestations — in most cases as further evidence of the ungratefulness, the bite-the-hand-that-feeds-you attitude of people on the dole. Some critics have caustically remarked the anomaly of persons on relief striking for more pay. The very absurd-

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ity of a relief strike causes the man in the office chair to snort in derision, and dismiss the whole thing with: "They ought to kick that whole bunch of ingrates and reds off the relief rolls, and make them work for their living like I have to do for mine."

The public's conception of the spontaneous nature of this agitation, as well as its estimation of the radical or "red" make-up of the relief victims, are belied by the facts and figures in the case. While it is true that in the first years of the depression (1929–32) the majority of the riots resulted from impulsive actions among crowds and mobs impelled by the immediate call of hunger, the spirit of agitation today manifests itself through various organizations of the unemployed called unions, councils, leagues or brotherhoods.

There are some 200,000 members of three national organizations of the unemployed, and an inestimable number who hold membership in the multitude of "locals" and regional organizations without connection with the three nationals. That these unions are affiliates of the Third Internationale in Moscow, or are directed by the Communist Comintern, is an untenable thesis. It is true that some have been organized by Communist agitators; but even in such organizations the cosmopolitan nature of the membership, including men and women of all creeds, colors, races, professions and political affiliations, prevents the Communists from securing control. If there is a "united front," to borrow a term from the Marxian strategists, it is not based on any political doctrine, but upon the democracy of misery. To regard this movement as a part of the "red menace" because of the few Communists who are associated with it, would be an absurd and dangerous thing.

As a matter of fact, many of the leaders of these

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pauper unions are young men and women who are radical only in the most approved sense of that word, that is, in a desire to get to the root of the matter. These youthful leaders profess no desire to reform the world by uprooting the present order of things. Undernourished, lacking the basic necessities of life, and seeing no outlet for their energies and ambitions in the future, they have turned to this work to secure first of all sufficient food for themselves and their fellow victims, and secondly as an avenue to adventure and social usefulness. They have no more love of violence than does the most wizened armchair philosopher, remote in his ivory tower. Their radical plans are concerned only with securing the means to exist, and not with the organization of the whole of existence.

These same young men and women, when asked if they regard themselves as "radical" or "red" (terms that are synonymous to the average American), insist that they are not interested in politics as far as their organizations are concerned. The majority of them feel that they are as American (a term synonymous with anti-radicalism of all shades and varieties) as the fellow with a job. They feel that they have as much right, and actual need, to organize into unions as do their more fortunate fellow citizens who still hold good jobs. They justify their position by precedents in our recent history — and not without plausibility, as a review of events in this country during the past fifty years, and more especially since the depression, amply demonstrates.

The first significant attempt to organize the unemployed in this country was undertaken in 1894 by General Jacob Sechler Coxey. Some forty-one years ago, he led his famous expeditionary force of three hundred and fifty-six unemployed men to Washington to demand the

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issuance of $500,000,000 greenbacks, and the institution of a public works program to cure the depression and relieve the unemployed. While General Coxey failed in his mission (he was arrested for trespassing on the grass), Coxey's army succeeded in establishing a precedent for organizations among the unemployed, and for appeal to Washington in time of need.

Thirty-eight years later the ex-soldiers, borrowing a page from history, organized an army and marched on Washington to urge Congress to enact a bonus measure. This so-called Bonus Expeditionary Force reinforced the precedent set by Coxey's army, with the result that the authorities at Washington have been besieged more or less continuously by special groups of employed and unemployed, of rich and poor during the past three years.

When, in response to the call of public need, the RFC was organized in 1932, the unemployed, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen million people, began to demand assistance. Rioting broke out in the large Metropolitan centers. By midsummer of that year, no part of the country could claim immunity from social unrest. Even in the traditionally conservative agrarian South, mobs fearlessly demanded food. At England, Arkansas, sharecroppers and tenants armed with shotguns moved against the town to secure food and clothing in the memorable bread riot. By September of 1932 the money made available to the state governments through RFC loans was being distributed among the most destitute, so that spontaneous rioting soon ceased to occupy the headlines.

With the advent of the present administration, President Roosevelt promised a New Deal for the "forgotten man." Later when the FERA and in turn the CWA were set up, the President encouraged the unemployed to hope and confidence by his statement that no one would be

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permitted to starve. To make the beneficiaries feel that they were getting a square deal, he urged them to address their letters and petitions of complaint to him. The unemployed took him at his word, deluging the White House with thousands of letters every day. For a while these epistolary activities served as an outlet for the wrath of the unemployed, and agitation was at a comparative standstill.

Meanwhile, as early as 1931, sections of the Unemployed Council, the most influential of the pauper unions, were being organized in Chicago. By September of that year there were forty-five branches of this organization in that city alone, with a total membership of around twenty thousand people. The primary purpose of this Chicago group was to resist evictions for non-payment of rent. Mass assistance against threatened and attempted evictions was so effective in calling the attention of the public to the condition of the unemployed, that the Mayor decreed a sort of moratorium on rent debts and forced removals.

Later the Unemployed Council directed its efforts toward raising the standards of living for the twenty thousand men who lived in Chicago's flop-houses. In a mass demonstration five thousand of the unionists marched to the general headquarters of the flop-houses located on Monroe and Green Streets, where they demanded, and later received, three meals per day instead of two, two feet of air space between the beds, free medical attention, tobacco twice each week, no discrimination against members of the Unemployed Council, and the right to hold assemblies in the flop-houses. Later the Chicago headquarters of the Unemployed Council claimed the major share of credit for bringing about, through mass pressure, the enactment by the Illinois

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legislature of a twenty million dollar public relief bill.

In states farther west, the pauper unions became still more powerful. In most cases these early western unions were formed from the numerous associations for barter and exchange of commodities and services that had had such a phenomenal growth in that section of the country. Already such self-help organizations as the Mormon's Natural Help Association had accustomed the unemployed members to the necessity, value and method of group action for relieving their destitute situation. As the depression deepened, however, such labor and goods exchanges, with local scrip as a medium, became apparent for what they were in a highly organized industrial economy — mere makeshifts to ward off distress and starvation. The members began to reorganize their associations into unions under the leadership of three parties, the American Worker's, the Socialistic and the Communistic. The pitiful and petty efforts at self-help were abandoned as the government relief program got under way in September, 1932.

In Seattle, Washington, the Unemployed Citizen's League was organized in the latter part of 1931 as a sort of self-help and employment bureau. As the true extent of the economic situation became better known, this organization was forced to interest itself in relief for its members. The League grew by leaps and bounds in size and strength, until by the fall of 1932 it was powerful enough to sweep its entire slate of candidates into the city government. Among these were the mayor, three councilmen, two school directors and a member of the Port Commission. Subsequently these officials influenced the City Council to distribute seeds, tools and other emergency aids among the unemployed.

Social unrest first made itself felt in the eastern indus-

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trial centers; but outside of Pittsburgh this agitation was less rapidly organized than in the West, taking the form of vociferous protests and mob violence. In Pittsburgh by 1933 the Unemployed League and the American Worker's Party had organized the majority of that city's unemployed into unions. As in Chicago, the immediate incentive of the Pittsburgh unions was active resistance against evictions. In one case this Pittsburgh group organized a mass demonstration to prevent the eviction of one of its members. Meeting on the day of the threatened removal, they forced the constable who had come to serve the papers to withdraw. Then to celebrate its victory, the group held an auction at which they sold the constable for a high mock bid of eight cents.

Ironically enough the Federal Emergency Relief program resulted in reducing the number of spontaneous demonstrations and riots, while it gave an added impetus to the formation of the pauper unions which, while less vocal and violent, are much stronger and more effective than the previous methods of manifesting discontent. This state of affairs is attributable not so much to the lack of sufficient relief — for the bounty of the government in most cases is beyond criticism — but to the inefficient administration of the relief funds. Owing more to the necessity for haste than to any political corruption, the administration of relief was carried out by workers who had not the least inkling of the principles of social service work. All offices were overstuffed with incompetent, in many cases downright ignorant case-workers who, though frequently recruited from among the unemployed themselves, soon lost all sympathy for those less fortunate ones who came to them for questioning before being granted relief.

As a result of this incompetence among the case-work-

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ers and other administrators, many needy persons suffered from unjust discrimination; while all resented the haughty attitudes of the officials in charge. A classic example of the relation of case-worker to relief client comes from the Deep South where the lack of knowledge of social work is most evident among relief administrators. A young man who had taken several degrees in the social sciences from the state university, with a view to taking up social service work as a profession, found it impossible to secure a position in the relief set-up even as a case-worker. While his political affiliations were orthodox, so were those of many other less educated persons who secured jobs as case-workers through manipulating certain well-known political strings. The young graduate found that his education in the social sciences prevented him from getting possible jobs in the world of business, while his profession of social work was closed to him. Finally, reduced to destitution, he was forced to apply for relief. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that the case-worker detailed to investigate him was an old elementary schoolmate who, he knew, had never finished the sixth grade! Since this case-worker envied him his superior education, he refused to grant the young applicant any assistance — suggesting instead that he ought to find it easy to get a job "with them degrees." Beyond this case-worker's decision there was then no appeal.

This example of the incompetence of relief administrators could be duplicated into the thousands. In the majority of cases, the relief victims mumbled under their breath and bore their chagrin. Many wrote letters to the President, which were in turn sent to the FERA to be answered. In some cases the relief applicants, tired of the unsympathetic attitudes of the case-workers, vented their wrath by assaulting their questioners.

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As the unemployed began to realize that individual reactions against injustice in relief administration were ineffective, they decided that mass action alone could set things right. The result was the formation of more leagues, and an increase in the membership of those already organized in every section of the country except the agrarian South. As these unions demonstrated their effectiveness in the adjustment of complaints, their membership grew, and continues to grow, day by day.

In addition to the adjustment of complaints, these leagues have begun to demand, and in many cases to achieve, representation on local grievance committees as well as on relief boards. In imitation of the regular labor unions, many of these pauper unions demand the recognition of their right to collective bargaining on public and relief work. As suggested at the outset, the activities of these organizations are predicated on the inalienable right *not* to starve in the midst of plenty. In consequence, where the officials of these unions feel, after examination, that one of their members is not getting a decent amount of either home or work relief, they make out a case history of the applicant and submit it to the relief authorities for reconsideration. One bureau in Chicago has, during the past two years, successfully handled an average of fifteen hundred of such case complaints.

At the headquarters of many of these unemployed councils there is an elaborate set-up for looking after union affairs. Next to the committees on complaints, who deal directly with the local relief administrations, there are the so-called committees on public utilities, whose business it is to see that no member goes without lights, gas, or water. In case the gas and lights are turned off at the home of a member, service men are dispatched to turn the meters back on. When the water is cut off, the

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service men from the unemployed union may solve the problem by turning the meter on again and then pouring cement over it. The water company would have to destroy the meter to remove the cement, so the water is usually left on!

With the influx of thousands of new members recruited from among those on relief, the unemployed councils have become less and less radical in nature. Although originally many were organized by the Communists as well as by the Socialist and American Worker's parties, the simon-pure "reds" are greatly outnumbered by orthodox Republicans and Democrats who have no more concern for the success of Marxism than Mussolini or Hitler would have. Hunger, not Moscow, provides the motivation for these unions.

The conservatism of these organizations often appeals to the officials in charge of relief administration in the various states. Last January relief authorities in Denver even encouraged unionization among the unemployed. These organizations later succeeded in influencing the Colorado legislature to pass certain tax and bond bills for relief purposes. While the Colorado legislators debated various relief measures, members of the unemployed unions crowded the galleries. Opponents of the relief measures favored by the union members were heckled, and their voices drowned in songs from the gallery.

There is, however, a possibility that these pauper unions will become increasingly revolutionary in spirit unless the government adopts a long-term relief policy. So far these unions have in reality been interested primarily in achieving one thing — a sense of security for their members. In most instances the relief administrations have, on the contrary, discouraged the development

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of this feeling of security among their relief clients on the theory that the unemployed, assured of the dole, would cease their individual efforts to secure jobs and would relapse into apathetic idleness. The motto has been "morale must be maintained."

But the fact that the essential basis of morale is a sense of security has been overlooked. In consequence, no relief client has been permitted to feel that the government will take care of him indefinitely until such time as he can refit himself into the scheme of things. Like the sword of Damocles, want has hung suspended by a thread of uncertainty over his head. Today food, but tomorrow possible starvation. With the worry and concern about his future, his morale has suffered. In this state he has turned to the pauper unions where he finds not only fellowship in his misery, but also some degree of assurance as to his future.

The failure of the relief administration to adopt a long-term policy at the outset of its program brought about the general acceptance of the theory that the unemployed must not be encouraged to feel secure in their positions as beneficiaries of the dole. The policy of relief has been predicated upon the assumption that prosperity will round the corner, and make unnecessary the maintenance of the relief program. In consequence, its administration has been opportunistic in nature, a condition which has been encouraged by the emergency of the situation. The sudden shifts in direction, name and set-up of the relief administration have been exceedingly expensive and often extravagant, and such changes have not retarded or prevented the break-down in public morale. The pangs of hunger among the unemployed have been temporarily appeased; but no provisions have been made for the futures of men without work.

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In this, the sixth year of the depression, it has become apparent that a large majority of the present unemployed population of ten and one-half million people cannot expect to be absorbed by industry, even with the latter functioning on a basis of pre-1929 prosperity. To realize that for them the depression may be here to stay is not to accept a counsel of despair. As Keynes has pointed out with regard to the powerful Roman Empire, there was one depression that lasted eight hundred years! Indeed, it is more pleasant to believe that prosperity lies just around a fabled corner for every one of us, and it would not be good politics to think and say otherwise.

But unfortunately, reality is ineluctable and forces itself to be recognized. That the present Administration has come to recognize this situation, at least in part, is indicated by its experiments with the idea of rehabilitation and subsistence farming. Meanwhile, however, it continues its original policy of expensive expediency in the administration of relief, hoping against hope that the Golden Era will return. And all the while the pauper unions continue to grow in strength and membership in an effort to alleviate the uncertainties of the governmental program.

Only by the adoption of a long-term policy, and the institution of a permanent set-up to insure security for those on relief, can the government hope to discourage the growth of unionism among the unemployed. Eventually this will have to be done — the sooner the better and the less expensive for all concerned. For instance, with a permanent organization of relief workers selected on the basis of merit, preferably through civil service examination, the expenses of relief administration could be cut in half through increased efficiency. Even greater savings might be effected if a Department of Social

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Service were established, equal in rank to that of the Army, Navy and others, for the direction and coördination of all relief and social activities of the Federal government.

Until such time as the government moves to the adoption of a permanent relief program, social service workers will do well to encourage the growth of unions among the unemployed. These pauper unions can preserve the morale of the unemployed by serving as counter-agent to the vacillating activities and inefficiency of the relief administration. To bait their members as "reds" is absurd. Taking them at their own estimation, they are citizens who have no desire to overthrow the government that continues to feed them. What they do desire to secure through their unions is a sense of security — that sense which, far from being inimical to government, is rather its basis and only excuse for being.

If these pauper unions become increasingly radical and menacing to the powers that be, this will be owing not to personal inclination on the part of the members, but to the force of outside circumstances over which they have no control. If the government continues its policy of discouraging that feeling of security, they will naturally turn more and more toward the acceptance of the plans of demagogues which seem to promise them some hope of future certainty.

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The Plum Tree

FRANCES FROST

There was a tree, and in the early spring
its delicate twigs burst into flower before
the leaves came out. I stood on the sudden shore
of seeing, I gaped in the grass at the petals' opening,
and thought; I never saw this tree, I never
cried in my throat like this without quick tears.
In a warmer evening I watched the soft wind sever
the flakes of bloom from branches.

The summer's years
were busy with elm-green shade and bumble-bees
and the butterfly I caught and kept in a box
until it died.
When the tree was heavy with plums
some of them dropped to the grass and split on the rocks,
and my mother put a purple fruit in my hand
and said: eat it.

I stared at the blue-dark skin
thinking: here's something lovely and strange, unbanned,
too big for my palm. And warily biting in,
I tasted the bitter purple, the golden flesh
ripened and wild and sweet, and gnawing down
fiercely, with juicy fingers, beneath the mesh
discovered the hard impenetrable stone.

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Mahaley Mullens

ROBERT TURNEY

THE first inkling that there was anything peculiar about the warrant in his breast pocket came to Spencer Williams when he stopped at the Corners to inquire the way.

The storekeeper spat accurately on a fly crawling along the porch rail before he drawled:

"So yo're anxious t' larn th' way to Mahaley Mullenses?"

"Yes, please."

"Wal — " He spat again, this time with equal accuracy into the cuspidor beside the door. "Mahaley Mullens is sorta Gawd Almighty up on Buzzard Mountain. I wouldn't be agoin thar on no monkey business ef I wuz you."

"It's important business."

"Wal, I reckon little Haley kin direct you better'n me. She's inside buyin' vittles." He craned his neck and peered into the inner gloom of the store. "Here she comes now."

A moment later a tall girl in brown calico and blue sunbonnet appeared.

"Here's another on 'em, Haley. Stranger, this heah is Mahaley Mullens — the young'ur, that is."

The girl surveyed Williams calmly.

"So yo're lookin' fer my Ant Haley's?"

"Why yes, I am."

The corners of her mouth dimpled into a slow, enigmatic smile.

"Aimin' tuh arrest her?"

"Why — "

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"That's what allus brings men folks like yo'uns to these parts. I'm jest settin' out fo' home. I'll take yo' along."

"That'd be mighty kind of you."

"O, 'tain't nothin'. That thing yourn?" She nodded towards the Ford.

"Why, yes, it is."

"That thing wouldn't git no place on *our* road. Besides I got a hoss an waggin."

"I'll put it away fer yo' in my barn," suggested the storekeeper. "Haley's right 'bout th' road."

The girl made no offer to resume conversation as they drove slowly along the village street; yet she appeared in no way disturbed, though obviously she guessed the object of his visit.

Williams gazed uncomfortably across the valley. In the distance, the mountains seemed to shimmer bluely in the rising heat. Somewhere a rain crow's sharp raucous cry accentuated the stillness of the sundrowned landscape.

They rumbled over a cedar bridge. Beneath, the stream lay in broad pools across which scatterings of light flickered goldenly as the shadowing tree tops moved in an upper wind. But close to the ground no breath stirred. They passed the last house — its dooryard filled with mauve China asters and white monk's-hood picoted with blue; its appletree leaning sleepily over the gray roof — and turned into what was scarcely more than a trail zigzagging up beneath vast buttonwoods.

"Tell me about th' town," commanded the girl with startling abruptness.

"Just what do you want to know?"

He studied her profile during the pause before she answered.

No, she was scarcely pretty — though in the right

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clothes she might be something more than that. He wondered what color her hair was.

"Ant Haley says they got music an everythin' all lit up like fair night at Custer every night."

"That's more or less true, though I never saw Custer."

"I allow there's been right smart changes since Ant Haley were thar. She calcalates it tuh be mor'n fifty years."

"I guess there *have* been a few changes."

"She says there be lamps ahangin' all 'long th' street every two hundred steps. She counted on 'em."

"I wouldn't be surprised if that's right."

"Ant Haley says city folks wears store clothes every day."

"That's the only kind of clothes they have."

"An the wimmen folks wears silk same as we'd wear calico."

"Not all of them."

"Ant Haley's got a silk dress. It jest fits me. But she can't git into it no more — it wus made for her so long ago."

They relapsed into silence and Williams stole another glance at her. Her skin was clear and slightly golden from the sun; her nose large and beautifully formed; the mouth firm yet sensitive. She turned towards him suddenly and he saw her eyes were slate-colored.

"Your eyes are gray," he exclaimed and felt somehow foolish.

"What color did yo' think they wuz?" she demanded sharply.

Then, with a little flicker at the corners of her mouth, she unbent somewhat.

"They's Mullens eyes. All Mullens is got gray eyes. Lan' but it's hot!"

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She brushed back her sunbonnet, and two thick braids uncoiled and slipped down over her shoulders. They were the color of October beech leaves. Just then the road cut through a clearing and the sun lighted her hair with an iridescent sheen of gold and copper.

She stopped with a casual "Woah, Boy," and jumped down.

"Yo' kin help me ef yo' want tuh. Thar's a service tree sommers hereabouts. Ant Haley sets right powerful store by th' berries."

They scrambled up a bank covered with sweet fern and blueberries.

"What a beautiful tree!" exclaimed Williams.

"Yes, it's allus admired right much; but nobody knows jist what it be."

"It's a broadleafed holly."

She looked at him with dawning respect.

"I allus knowed it were called sumpin' in books."

"It's the finest I've seen. It must be nearly forty feet."

"It allus were a notable tree. When th' weather gits snappish, th' berries colors up real pretty. Ant Haley likes me t' bring her some when I pass this way. But yo' got t' be powerful careful, they falls off so easy."

They continued up the bank until they reached the clump of shadblow.

"The ripest ones is on th' groun', but be keerful not t' git none that's rotted."

"I'll shake the ripest down, then we can pick 'em up."

"It's a good idea, ef yo're strong enuf. I ain't."

He shook the tree with both hands. A light pattering of the blue fruits scattered over the dried leaves about them. Haley stooped to gather them into her sunbonnet.

"Th' boys uster cut down th' whole tree t' git th' fruit; 'till Ant Haley stopped 'em. She said thar warn't no pint

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in spilin' next yar, 'count o' doggone laziness this one."

"Not a bad philosophy."

"I don't know whut yo' calls it; but I call it plain hoss sense."

She stood up.

"These'll be plenty. Ant Haley kinda likes havin' a special snack nobody else's got."

On the way back to the wagon, she turned aside to pick a spray of Carolina beech-drops.

"Ant Haley's gonna be right pleased this trip," she said smelling the waxy pink bells. "She allus did fancy sweet-pine sap. I like t' take her some o' th' woods whenever I can. She uster be a great one fer ramblin'; but now —"

She broke off and glanced at him from under her lashes, an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"You'd be 'sprised how little things'll perk her up."

The sun was already hanging low in the west when they came out into wild upland farm country, where gray snake fences separated the road from fields of scrawny corn whose lances rustled faintly in the wind as they passed.

"Thar's Buzzard's Rock. When we git down th' road a piece, yo' kin see Ant Haley's place."

To the left the land sloped to a sheer drop along whose edge sumac flourished its already crimson bundles of velvety fruits among dark frond-like leaves. Below, a river twisted whitely between the green of tree tops towards where — far across the wind filled chasm — other mountains rose bluely to meet the sky.

"That's Ant Haley's."

On an outjutting shoulder beneath Buzzard's Rock, Williams saw a long, low cabin plumed with a wavering haze of smoke.

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A bedlam of yellow hounds yelped down the road to meet them.

"Drat them dawgs! I reckon th' boys is home aready."

Unurged, the horse quickened his pace and they rolled into the stable yard and descended in grand style.

"Git along!" shouted Haley at the dogs which were sniffing and growling about William's legs.

"Zeke! O Zeke!"

Her voice bugled out across the valley, clear, sonorous, and set the echoes ricocheting.

"Zeke! Call these hounds! Thar's a stranger heah."

From the direction of the cabin porch came a sharp whistle and the hounds scurried away yelping.

A rangy man with carroty hair and beard lounged into view at the porch end.

"Git ma t'baccy?"

"Yes, Uncle Zeke."

As they approached, Zeke's eyes travelled over Williams with a glance wholly impersonal, withdrawn.

"Howdy." Holding out his hand, he shifted his slate colored eyes to Haley.

She handed him his package.

"This be Mr. Williams. He's come fer Ant Haley — tho' he won't let on."

A look of masked amusement twinkled between uncle and niece.

"Git along t' yo' great Ant Haley."

Zeke moved down the porch, seating himself where he could see into the cabin through the open door.

More and more uncomfortable, Williams followed the girl inside.

At first he could only dimly see the furnishings. But as his eyes accustomed themselves to the shadowy light he made out more of the details. A large rough wood table

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stood before the cavernous fireplace, where a great iron pot bubbled fragrantly over embers. Against the chimney hung ears of red and yellow and purple corn, part of their pale, silver brown husks stripped back and braided into the thick rope by which they were suspended. From the smoke-darkened beams dangled bundles of herbs, festoons of red and white onions among long strings of scarlet peppers and mahogany colored hams like violins.

"Don't keep me awaitin', Haley. Whar's ma store candy?"

The deep voice rumbled from what Williams had mistaken for a closet jutting out into one corner. Now he saw it was a great tester bed hung with star patterned homespun.

The corner was so shadowy he could not make out the speaker.

"I brung summun t' see yo', Ant Haley."

"Who be it?"

"A stranger. I reckon, yo's agoin' tuh git arrested agin."

A growling laugh shook the curtains and set the bed creaking.

"Lan', Lan'! Don't they never give up? Bring him close, Haley, so's I kin see him. An' ring back these cuyartins. I been nappin' some."

Haley leaned across the bed and drew back the curtains from the window beside it. Williams found himself looking into a face propped above a mountain of quilt — a face carven and heavy-lidded as that of some idol. Rumpled white hair was pushed back from it, and in the shadow of fierce white brows, dark eyes twinkled at him with a jewel-like brightness.

"So yo've come fer tuh arrest me?"

Williams cleared his throat awkwardly.

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"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mullens, but I *have* got a warrant against you."

"Fer distillin' an' sellin' o' moonshine?"

"Yes, that's the charge."

"Young feller, fer nigh forty years I been sellin' moonshine; an' I 'spect ter go on asellin' it 'till th' Lord takes me."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mullens, you —"

"Oh, ef yo' say so, I s'pose I got t' go tuh jail. I ain't one tuh resist th' Law. Whut yo' got tuh take me in?"

Young Haley answered for him.

"He hed a automobile. But I tole him it warn't no use on our road, so he lef' it at Mr. Wilkeses."

"Lan', ain't thet a pity, now. I allus hankered tuh ride in one o' them things. Well, tell th' boys tuh hitch up agin."

"You'd better pack a bag for your Aunt, too," Williams said, relieved that everything was going so smoothly. "I'll do everything to make her trip comfortable."

"Yo' hearn what he said, Haley. Run pack me a grip."

"I hearn him, Ant Haley."

But she made no move to go.

Mahaley Mullens began to chuckle. It seemed to begin somewhere deep in her belly.

"But befo' I discompose maself — fer I be mighty cumf't'ble — how yo' agoin' tuh git me thro' that doah?"

Williams glanced at the narrow doorway and then at her.

She had thrown back the single, light quilt; and he saw for the first time that the mountain was neither pillows nor bedclothes, but her own body. Squatting there like some appalling Buddah, she filled the entire bed. Not even sideways would it be possible to get her from the room in which she lay.

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Haley and Zeke joined their aunt's peal of laughter.

"They allus sends th' new men tuh arrest me," Mahaley informed him as she rearranged the quilt. "Sort uv puts 'em thro' their sprouts."

She reached out and removed the top of the barrel beside her bed.

"Hev a drink?"

Dipping in a white gourd, she brought it up full of tawny liquid and the sharp aroma of corn whiskey.

"No thanks."

Ruefully, Williams watched her drink and return the gourd to its hook.

She drew her hand across her mouth and resumed the conversation.

"Way back in 1780, Washington an' his rebels druv my folks, th' Bruces, an' my husband's folks, th' Mullenses, out uv Virginie, 'count they wuz King's men — Tories he called 'em. They come in twenty waggins up these mountings an' we been agin his govamint ever since."

A young white pig came from behind the bed and nuzzled her hand until she scratched its ears.

"Yo' been nappin', too, Toby?"

The pig leaned against the bed and grunted contentedly.

"Mrs. Mullens, I must warn you it's my duty to arrest you and take you to the county jail; and — if it's humanly possible — I intend to do it."

"Young man, I admire yo' spunk. But ef thar's any way short o' tearin' down th' house t' git me outer here, I can't think whut it'd be. Thar's been seven afore yo' couldn't figger no way. An' they had sense enuf tuh bring sumpin' tuh take me away in."

Young Haley spoke quickly to cover his discomfiture.

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"Ant Haley, he knowed th' name — th' *book* name fer th' green bush tree."

The old woman looked at him with interest.

"Lan', lan', I allus hankered tuh know whut t' call that thar green bush tree."

"He says 'tis called a broadleafed holly."

"Is that true?"

"Why, yes that's its name."

"Thar jes ain't no tellin' when yo're agoin' tuh larn sumpin' new. Ever since I recumember thar ain't been nobody knowed what that green bush tree were rightly called. An' now I know. Haley, set a place fer th' stranger. He's astayin' fer supper. An' hurry up some. I feel vitalish arter ma nap."

"But, Mrs. Mullens, I can't —"

"Course yo're astayin'. Jist becaise yo're th' law's no reason tuh act onfriendly. Anyhow yo' can't go. It's comin' up tuh rain. Lookit them maples down th' mounting. They allus turns white afore a storm."

Far below along the stream, swamp maples were ruffling the underside of their leaves whitely in the rising wind. And as though to confirm her prophecy, at that moment thunder sounded distantly across the mountains.

"Git out th' silver dish, Haley, seein' thar's company."

Haley disappeared, leaving Williams uncomfortable and undecided.

"If you'll let me have a horse —"

"Lan', I wouldn't send no hoss out in whut's acomin'. Now, don't argify. It tuckers me."

A snuffling sound behind him made Williams turn. A freckled-faced youngster of thirteen hesitated in the doorway.

"Whut's th' matter, Patrick Henry? Wipe yo' nose an'

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come on in hyar. Haley's got supper putty near ready."

The boy drew one brown hand across his nose and then down the faded leg of his overalls.

"I got yo' a new chawin' stick, Ant Haley."

His bare feet shushed across the uncarpeted boards.

"Tupelo wood," said his aunt. "Thar ain't nothin' better 'n Tupelo fer a chawin' stick."

Mahaley fished among the bedclothes 'till she produced a package of snuff and proceeded to inaugurate the new stick.

"It's a powerful fine stick, Patrick Henry, an' I'm mighty obleeged tuh yo'."

"Whut's Haley all dressed up fer?" demanded Patrick Henry in a sudden voice that startled him as much as the others.

"Yo' hus up yo' mouth, you Patrick Henry," said Haley, not deigning to look at him.

She crossed the room to place the silver dish on the table, and as she moved the silk dress whispered about her. It was slate-gray and old-fashioned, with a high neck and flounces of lilac plaid. Yet somehow it well became her grave dignity. She had wound her braids crosswise into a figure eight low on her neck, and a silver brooch pinned a bit of purple ribbon at her throat.

"We'uns is cellibratin', Patrick Henry," said Mahaley, chuckling slyly. "I's been arrested fer th' eighth time."

Williams stirred uncomfortably.

"Really, Mrs. Mullens, I'd feel much better if you'd let me —"

"Lan', chile! I didn't aim tuh rile yo' none. I were jist havin' a little laff tuh myse'f. An' I ain't aimin' tuh let yo' go nuther. Look how dark it's agittin'. In no time 't all, it'll be blacker'n a nigger's neck."

Haley began lowering the brass lamp above the table.

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"Let me do that for you," exclaimed Williams, glad of an excuse to move.

"Much obleeged."

She crossed to the fireplace; selected a paper spill from the blue cup on the mantelshelf; and, lighting it from the embers, returned to transfer the flame to the lamp.

"Yo' kin hyste it agin'."

She took down a gray cow-horn and, going to the door wound a deep peal far out across the darkening valley.

"Guess that'll fetch young Zeke an' Alexander Hamilton an' Thomas Jefferson."

"Who are they?"

"Young Zeke's Uncle Zeke's eldest an' th' others is th' twins."

"Whoever named them certainly had his history mixed," laughed Williams. "Hamilton and Jefferson couldn't stand each other."

"Nuther kin th' twins."

Haley laughed dryly.

"'Cep' when summun else tries tuh do sumpin' tuh one of 'em."

Mahaley began to scold the pig who was still rubbing his back insinuatingly against the bed.

"Git along, Toby. I got importanter things tuh do besides scratch yo' haid all night. Patrick Henry, take him along outside. An' don't lemme ketch yo' pullin' his yars like las' time. That pig's got feelin's same as yo' has. An' he's a lot pearter'n some folks."

A younger edition of Zeke hulked into the room and seated himself at the table, his eyes fixed suspiciously on Williams.

"Whar's th' twins?" demanded Mahaley.

"They 'uns'll be along," he said in a mournful voice.

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His father entered and strolled over to the table.

"Well, let's set," he said.

"Dish up th' vittles, Haley," commanded her aunt.

With loud whoopings two small boys forced their way simultaneously through the door. One was tall and sandy; the other short and dark. Each had a black eye.

"Don' yo' push me!"

"Don' yo' push *me!* I got heah fust!"

"Shet up, both on yo'."

The last from Mahaley.

The boys bounced into chairs.

"Ant Haley," shouted the tall one. "I licked Alexander Hamilton agin."

The dark one bounced from his chair.

"He's alyin', Ant Haley, I hel' his haid in th' dust till he hollered nuff. Come outside an' I'll do it agin."

"Shet *up!* Ain't I tole yo' uns, ef one clips t' other — clip him back; but fergit about it arterwards. Beside we got cump'ny."

ALL at once the storm was upon them in a swift scudding of lightning-tattered darkness through which battled a clamor of wind and the crash of thunder.

"Shet th' doah," commanded Mahaley, "fore we's all blowed clean outern th' house."

Haley rose to obey; but Williams was before her. The men looked up at him in surprise.

"Ther's whut yo' wanted tuh be out in," chuckled Mahaley, gloating over the heaped plate her niece handed her. "Said storm wuz acomin'. Can't fool th' maples."

They ate slowly and with gusto — so slowly that before they were finished the storm had gone as suddenly as it had come, leaving behind the steady drip of rain-laden trees and the gurgling of the rivulet from the eaves.

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Haley removed the plates and set in the middle of the table the silver bowl filled with blueberries.

"Yo' got sumpin' special, Ant Haley."

"Whut is it?"

"Sarvice berries."

"I'll have 'em mixed with t' others."

Haley handed her a saucer of both, which the old lady seized greedily.

"My, my," she said, "these buckberries is got a real good smack."

Patrick Henry, having already finished a heroic pile, pushed back his saucer.

"'Tain't tuh ma taste. Too puckery."

"Sakes alive, Patrick Henry, ain't nuthin' never tuh yo' taste?"

"Naw," said Patrick Henry concisely and shuffled out.

"Ant Haley, I clean fergot tuh give yo' yo' bit o' sweet pinesap!" exclaimed Haley, shaking out her sunbonnet. "Whut a shame! It's pretty nigh wilted."

"Put it in a glass o' water with a little whiskey an' 'twill perk up. An' thet reminds me; Zeke, when air yo' an' them no'-count boys gwine tuh git me nuff Injun pipes tuh make ma eye water? Ma eyes been in need o' strengthnin' fer a powerful long time."

"We'uns'll look aroun' an' git yo' some, Ant Haley, never yo' fret."

Picking his teeth meditatively, he, too, disappeared into the gathering darkness.

No more blueberries being forthcoming, the twins made a rush for the door. Alexander Hamilton reached it first and turned fleetingly to thumb his nose. With a look of dark determination, Thomas Jefferson sped after him. A moment later there was a yell of mingled pain and rage outside the cabin.

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"Lan', them twins do beat all! Whar's ma store candy, Haley?"

Haley handed her the paper bag. With quick, greedy gestures the old lady opened it and popped one of the colored balls into her mouth.

Young Zeke's mournful voice recalled them sharply to his presence.

"Ain't Haley plum beautiful in thet thar silk dress, Ant Muhully?"

"Gret Day, Zeke! Yo' be t' skeerinest pusson! Settin' 'roun' like a bump on a lawg 'tell a body fergits yo're alive; then making 'em jump outern thar skin with thet hoot owl voice."

"I'm sorry, Ant Muhully."

"'Tain't yo' fault, Zeke. Yo're th' way th' Lawd made yo'; same as a hoot owl is, I reckon. Whar's ma mixture, Haley? Zeke's plum upset ma digestun."

Zeke stood shamefacedly by while Haley got a large bottle bearing in very black letters the legend: GIDEON'S UNIVERSAL MIXTURE.

"I got this offern a man wuz passin' through. Whut were it he called hiself, Haley?"

"A 'sympathetic, magnetic, hypnotic healer.'"

"That's whut it were. 'Tain't done me much good so fer; but yo' never kin tell in th' long run, so I goes on atakin' it."

"I reckon I'll be agoin'," said Zeke. "Night, Ant Muhully."

Then with all the sorrow of the ages in his voice:

"Good-bye, Haley."

"Good-night, Zeke. But why in th' name o' sense, do yo' allus say it like you wuz goin' tuh ma funeral? Yo'll see me in th' mawnin'."

"I know."

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Darkness swallowed him.

"I must go, Mrs. Mullens. Thanks for the supper. I wish we'd met differently."

"Yo'd never fin' yo' way down th' mounting. It's th' dark o' th' moon. Yo' kin have to'other room an' Haley kin sleep on th' trundle bed."

"I couldn't let you do that."

"Many's th' time Haley's slep' on th' trundle when I were sick. I'd leave yo' hev a hoss, only in th' dark with a stranger, moren likely he'd jist turn roun' an' come home."

"I don't min' 'tall," said Haley. "Th' trundle's th' cumf't'blest bed in th' house."

"But considering why I'm here —"

"O, I don' hole it agin yo'," said Mahaley. "'Tain't yo' fault yo's th' Law."

"But as I've already told you — I intend to do my duty, if it's humanly possible. You make it very difficult by making me like you, Mrs. Mullens."

Mahaley chuckled at the compliment.

"Well, I kinder like yo', too. An' ef yo' kin find a way tuh git me tuh t' jail, welcome. It's been so longish sence I been nowheres, I speck a jaunt even tuh jail 'ud be right pleasurable."

"In that case, I promise you: To jail you shall go! Even if I have to take down the side of your house."

"'Tain't no use speculatin' on *thet!* Th' Law may hanker tuh arrest me fer moonshinin'; but th' Law's got tuh pertect ma house fum bein' tore down."

Williams made no answer. His eyes were fixed meditatively on Toby, who, with much grunting, was preparing to settle himself for the night under the bed.

"Haley, settle me some. I'm turrible oncomf't'ble. My hyeart's all fluttery."

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Williams hastened to help Haley; but the old lady waved him away.

"'Tain't nuthin' tuh take on over. Jes one o' ma little spells. Guess I's all tuckered out. Draw th' bed cuyartins so's th' light won't pester me none; an' I'll rest some."

Haley arranged the curtains deftly and quietly.

"Perhaps it'd be better if I turned in now and let your aunt be as quiet as possible."

"Mebbe 'twud," said Haley. "I'll light yo' a candle."

"Can't I help you with the dishes first?"

"Much obleeged. But thar ain't no need. 'Tain't a man's chore."

She lit a home-dipped tallow candle and led the way to a door beside the chimney. Beyond was a small room, bare but scrupulously neat. At sight of the old carved bed and the chest of drawers against one wall, Williams gave an exclamation of pleasure.

"It air pretty, ain't it?" said Haley, setting down the candle on the dark lustrous surface. "Th' Bruces brung it across th' mountings fum Virginnie. They uster be mo' pieces; but they got scattered with this un an' that un gettin' married."

She stood there in the soft, golden aura of the candle, smiling her serene, meditative smile.

Later as he tumbled into the bed with its sweet smelling mattress of corn shucks, he muttered apropos of nothing in particular:

"It *does* take a beautiful woman to wear a high-necked dress."

Two days later he returned the horse Mahaley had loaned him. Patrick Henry was seated in the doorway sorting herbs. He looked up, nodded without speaking, then turning shouted:

"Haley, here be sum'un." He resumed sorting.

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"Who be it?" called the old lady from inside the cabin.

"It's me, Mrs. Mullens. I've brought back your horse."

"Come right in and set a while."

She was propped up with pillows, a small loom set across the bed before her. While she talked, her fingers continued to move deftly back and forth.

Haley stood up from the iron pot she had been stirring and greeted him with a faint but friendly smile.

"Haley, git Mr. Williams a cheer. You'll hev tuh 'scuse th' mess we'un is in. Haley's cookin' me up some mo' dye fer ma weavin'. Haley chile, yo' better put some mo' yaller snake root in, or 'twun't be strong enuff. Set yo'sef, Mr. Willums."

"I'm going right back, Mrs. Mullens."

"'Tain't neighbor-like tuh run right smack off. Patrick Henry, why 'n tarnation don't yo' put th' hosses 'way?"

"Uncle Zeke tuck 'em."

Mahaley turned to Williams.

"Hev some whiskey?"

"No thanks."

"Dun't yo' *never* drink none 'tall?"

"You forget I'm a Revenue man. I can't drink with a prospective prisoner."

"Wal, I'll hev a drink masef anyhow. Dip it up fer me, Haley."

When she had finished, she turned to him again.

"Is yo'uns plannin' tuh stay long in these pyarts?"

"Until I get instructions about you. If I find that I have the authority, I mean to pull down the side of your house and take you back with me."

She looked up at him with an expressionless face; but there was an amused light in her eyes that matched the faint, tolerant smile her niece gave him.

"Yo' shore be persistent."

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But turning from them, Williams saw in Zeke's eyes for the first time something not only personal but unfriendly.

NEVERTHELESS, in the two weeks that followed before headquarters replied, his daily ride brought him invariably to the cabin on Buzzard's Rock.

Time after time, he turned back from the mountain road, clenching his hands, and crying aloud to himself:

"You're seven kinds of a fool!"

But always he found himself finally dismounting among the evening primroses that grew thickly against the gray weatherbeaten Mullens barn.

A week after the letter from headquarters, he turned in at the gate, a middle-aged, nondescript stranger jolting along beside him on a hired horse.

"This is Dr. Cullen," he told Mahaley. "He's a friend of mine. I'd like him to look you over. He may be able to do something for you."

She gave him a sharp look; but submitted to Dr. Cullen's examination without protest, even without interest. Her face looked somehow gray and sunken. Around the heavy-lidded eyes, there were fine lines of strain, as though she had not slept or were in secret pain.

"Um," said Dr. Cullen noncommittally when he had finished his examination.

"And this is Toby," said Williams, feeling like Judas.

"Um," remarked Dr. Cullen again and fixed his eyes on the pig, who was leaning against the bed in the hope of getting his ears scratched.

"T' peartest shote I ever did see," said Mahaley, staring at the doctor in her turn.

Haley stood by in silence, a puzzled little frown drawing her fine brows together.

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"I'll be back tomorrow and let you know what the doctor says," he mumbled, avoiding her gaze.

It was nearly noon the next day when he rode slowly out of the woods, dreading what lay before him. Haley came out of the field ahead, a basket of corn under one arm. She paused for him to come up to her.

"The summer's nearly over," he said.

"Yes," she said glancing down at the spray of purple aster tucked in her dress. "I 'most hates tuh see th' fust camphor flowers — pretty though they be."

They walked on in silence.

Mahaley was busy sopping buttered corn-pone in a saucer of molasses.

"Hev some hoecake an' saughum?" she asked after she had nodded a greeting.

With a heavy feeling of distaste for his whole errand, he refused.

"Haley chile, git me some hot hoecake. This hyear's jist got a fever."

While Haley whipped up the batter and dropped a thick spoonful on the wide hoe blade over the coals, Williams stood watching the twins. Seated on the floor, they seemed to be fighting a duel with two of the late blooming violets already appearing in the woods.

"What're you doing?" he asked. Anything to postpone what must come.

"Hevin' a cock fight with these hyear little roosters," explained Alexander Hamilton.

A deft movement on his brother's part decapitated his flower.

"I beat him, Ant Haley! I beat Alexander Hamilton!"

He pranced towards the door, waving his flower aloft.

"Yo' jist beat me 'caise he were atalkin' tuh me!" shouted Alexander Hamilton, tears of rage in his eyes.

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"Yaaah!" mocked the victor, indiscreetly balancing on one foot. Too late he ducked the ear of corn that whizzed towards him. It caught him on the side of the head and was followed by Thomas Jefferson. They disappeared in a whirlwind of arms and legs.

"Lan'!!" was Mahaley's sole comment.

Williams searched for words with which to begin. After a silence Mahaley brought things to a head.

"Well, whut did th' doctor hev tuh say?"

Williams avoiding Haley's eyes, began:

"He said you could be moved without danger."

"Moved?"

"I'm taking your aunt on the warrant I hold for her arrest. I've arranged to have the trial at Custer, so she'll be spared the longer trip."

"Still an' all, yo' got tuh git me thar," the old lady reminded him mildly.

"In a few days men are coming to take down the wall by your bed —"

"But th' law won't let yo' do that."

"Dr. Cullen is also an officer of the Health Commission. Under an old statute he is having this house condemned as unsanitary."

"Whut do that mean, Haley?"

"Whut do whut mean?"

Zeke and Patrick Henry were standing in the door.

"Onsan'tary," said Mahaley.

"'Tain't clean," Patrick Henry informed them. "We larned sumpin' 'bout it when they hed th' school that time."

"I wudn't set no store by nothin' outern a book," said Zeke. "They's more lies in books then any place unner th' sun."

He fixed his eyes coldly on Williams.

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"Yo' mean t' say Ant Haley's house ain't clean?"

"Not exactly — but you see there's an old statute which says that no building used for animals shall be used as a human habitation."

"I thought that doctor man looked at Toby mighty curious," said Mahaley.

"Yo' use powerful big words," cried Patrick Henry, his face scarlet, "but they don't mean nothin' 'cep' yo're a skunk!"

Zeke's voice cut in. It was almost gentle.

"Stranger, git on yo' way — an' travel fast. 'Caise ef I ever sets eyes on yo' agin, I'll putt a bullet thro' yo' haid."

"Shet up, Zeke!" snapped Mahaley. "I ain't daid yit, an' til I is yo' ain't th' King o' Buzzard's Rock. 'Sides, who's agitin' arristed annyhow, yo' er me?"

She turned to Williams, who stood silent and unhappy, his eyes on the floor.

"Oncet yo' gits th' wall down, how yo' gwine tuh git me tuh Custer? I ain't no saplin'."

"I've ordered a light spring wagon —"

"Yo're lower 'n a snake!" cried Patrick Henry, his eyes bright with tears. "Awormin' yo' way inter our house jist so's yo' kin shame us!"

"I've never deceived you. I told you from the first what I had to do. God knows it's hard for me to do this; but it's my duty."

He turned despairingly, but Haley had slipped away.

"Yo' keep yo' mouth shet, Patrick Henry. This heyar ain't none o' yo' business."

"It air our business tuh pertect our wimmen," answered Zeke.

Suddenly Mahaley cried with an intensity that startled them all, it was so unexpected:

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"Don't yo' think I'd be glad o' annythin' thet got me outern heyar? Don't yo' think I'd like jist onct tuh feel th' sky over ma haid an' th' wind ablowin' 'round me onct agin? Instid o' walls — walls — walls!"

She turned to Williams and threw out her hands wildly.

"Yes!! Yes!! Tar 'em down! Tar 'em down quick! Quick!! An' I'll thank yo'! I'll go tuh jail an' be glad tuh go — only hurry! hurry!!"

She fell back among her pillows panting.

Patrick Henry and Zeke rushed to her.

"Git away an' leave me be! Yo' uns is got me all riled."

She lay still a moment with eyes closed.

"Zeke, yo' 'member this: till I *is* daid, yo' ain't th' King o' Buzzard's Rock."

"Ant Haley! Yo' knows I dun't keer nothin' fer bein' th' King o' Buzzard's Rock!"

"I know, Zeke. Thar ain't no need tuh take nothin' I said amiss." She patted his hand. "Patrick Henry, git me some 'simmon brandy. I feel kinder tuckered out."

As she sipped it, she glanced up at Williams, with something of the old twinkle in her tired eyes.

"Thar ain't but one thing yo' done, I holds agin yo'!"

"What's that?"

"Scandalizin' pore Toby."

At the barn Haley was waiting for him.

"I couldn't hev thought it of yo'."

"Haley, if you only knew how I prayed there wouldn't be any way!"

Suddenly her eyes brimmed over.

"Haley, if there hadn't been a way — I meant to come to you — there was something I wanted to tell you —"

"Whut — whut were it?"

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"I meant — Haley, I love you — I wanted you to be my wife — I —"

"Oh! — Oh!"

It was such a tiny sound. And now her hand was pressed to her lips and she was looking at him with eyes that owed their brightness to more than tears.

"Haley!"

For a long time they clung together, murmuring things they could never remember.

A katydid started its vibrant song in a nearby tree. The shadow of Buzzard's Rock began to creep up the foot of the blue mountain across the valley. Already the primroses were opening their pale yellow flowers, filling the air with their delicate fragrance.

Williams touched one of them with his finger.

"I'll always think of you whenever I smell them."

"I wouldn't never need nothin' tuh make me think of yo'."

"Darling! I can hardly believe you really love me!"

"I reckon I've loved yo' ever since th' fust time I set eyes on yo'!"

"Suppose I'd never come here —"

Realization swept over him in a suffocating wave.

"God help us! What're we going to do, Haley?"

"Do?"

"You know why I'm here. You —"

"But it's all different now — that we uns is marryin'."

"Just what do you mean, Haley?"

She drew away and looked into his face anxiously.

"Yo' don't mean — But yo' couldn't take Ant Haley now. Not *now!*"

His face darkened.

"So it was just a trick!"

"Ef yo' — ef yo' loves me, yo' jest *can't!*"

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"I couldn't have believed it. That you'd try to play —"

"So thet's whut yo' think!"

"I couldn't have believed you'd stoop so low!"

"Oh! I don't keer whut yo' think o' me! But ef yo' tetch Ant Haley, I don't never want tuh set eyes on yo' agin'!"

"Very well!"

He sprang into the saddle and rode off without looking back.

THE workmen were not due until the end of the week. For the next three days Williams kept away from Buzzard's Rock, trying vainly to forget the aching wound Haley had dealt him.

Then one evening, as he opened the door of his room he sensed an alien presence.

"Put yo' hands up an' keep 'em thar!" commanded Zeke's voice from the darkness.

Williams sprang backwards — only to be stunned by a blow on the chin.

"Don't hurt him, son."

"Aw, pap," replied the mournful voice of young Zeke, "he deserves a thrashin'!"

"Yo' hyarn how yo' Ant Haley said 'twuz tuh be. Tie his hands an' don't pester him none. Stranger, yo' come along peaceful an' yo'll be a'right. Ant Haley's hankerin' fer a talk with yo'!"

During the long dark ride no other word was spoken.

As they entered the cabin, Haley rose from beside her aunt and seated herself by the fire, her back pointedly turned upon him.

"Take thet rope offern his hands," commanded Mahaley.

Her eyes glittered brightly, as she picked at her quilt,

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now carefully pleating it, now smoothing it out again.

"Yo' uns wait outside. I'll call yo' when I wants yo'!"

Williams stood stiffly before her until the door closed.

"May I ask why I've been brought here in this fashion?"

"Whut's wrong 'twixt yo' an' Haley?" demanded the old lady.

"Why don't you ask your niece?"

She ignored this.

"Yo' uns wuz in love. It were as plain as th' nose on yo' face fust time I set eyes on yo'. Whut's made th' ruction 'twixt yo' now?"

"You're mistaken. Your niece cares nothing for me."

"Haley, don't set thar so pernickety like. Say sumpin'!"

"Thar ain't nothin' tuh say."

"Your niece's interest in me, Mrs. Mullens, was prompted by her desire to prevent your arrest."

"Haley chile, ef it's 'count o' me, can't yo' see he's adoin' his duty th' way he sees it? An' I'd a sight ruther think o' you, arter I'm gone, married to a man with th' guts t' do whut he believes t' be right, than sommun who'd do whut he karnsidered wrong jest to please you."

"If this was all you wanted, Mrs. Mullens, may I go now?"

"Let him go, Ant Haley. I don't never want tuh set eyes on him ag'in!"

Mahaley was winking violently at him and nodding towards Haley.

But he stood in stony silence.

"Gret Day! Fer a peart lookin' young feller, yo' shore is th' closest tuh a jackass I ever did see!"

"I'm sorry you think so. May I go now?"

"Sartinly, sartinly! I ain't hankerin' t' keep nobody as is onwillin' tuh stay. Haley, send th' boys tuh set with me.

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Ef I keeps 'em whar I can hev ma eye on 'em awhile, I know thar can't be no shenannigans."

She held out her hand to Williams. She looked very tired and old.

"Well, I reckon, 'twill wuk it'sef out sommers. Young folks' quarrels ginnerally does."

The night before the men were to arrive, Williams awoke with a start. It was not just a casual awakening. Someone was throwing pebbles against his window.

He rose and looked out, but it was impossible to see anything in the moonless gloom.

"Who's there?"

"It's me — Haley."

Her voice was barely a whisper.

"Let me in quick! Ant Haley sent me!"

"Wait 'till I put some clothes on."

"Hurry! Please hurry!"

Wondering at the strangeness of her visit and even more at the agitation in her voice, Williams threw on his clothes and went below.

She entered quickly, and leaned against the door a moment, as though to collect herself.

She wore a dark gray cloak that came to the floor and her hair was tucked under a little bonnet such as he had seen in Godey prints.

As she turned towards him, he saw that she had been crying.

"Haley! What's happened!"

"Ant Haley," she whispered with trembling lips.

"Is she worse?"

"She — she died — tonight —"

"My God!"

She steadied her voice.

"She felt it were comin' an' made th' boys leave us

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alone. She said soon as she were gone, they'd be gunnin' fer you. An' she couldn't rest easy in — she made me promise I'd git you outern th' mounting as soon as —"

Her voice broke and she hid her face.

"Poor Haley!"

"Yo' got tuh hurry —"

"But, Haley, I can't run away."

"Thar ain't no reason fer you tuh stay here, now."

There was no bitterness in her voice as she said it.

"Ef yo' stay, 'twill mean misery fer all on us. Ant Haley said she knowed yo' wouldn't refuse th' las' thing she ast."

"But, I sent my car back by Dr. Cullen —"

"I got hosses. Ant Haley thought of everythin'. We got most o' th' night; and hit takes lessern two hours tuh git tuh th' junction. Thar's a train tuh Custer just arter daybreak. An' th' boys won't know till mawnin' nohow. Ant Haley tole 'em as long as th' lamp were in her windoh it were all right."

"But my men will expect to find me here —"

"Don't yo' see whut 'twill mean ef yo' stays? Th' boys 'ull do somethin' thet'll land 'em in jail — er worse. Yo' got tuh go! It's th' onliest thing Ant Haley ever ast yo'!"

So it was the boys! His heart seemed to close up inside him.

"All right. I'll go," he said quietly and turned towards the stair.

He had little to pack and they slung the single bundle behind his saddle.

"Which way do we go?"

"We — we turn left arter th' bridge."

The horses hoofs seemed to make a tremendous clatter in the dense blackness. But once out of the village they

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were engulfed in the clamor of the katydids, which seemed to drown out even the sound of iron on stone.

"We turn off ag'in summers putty soon."

Haley's voice came to him faintly from the gloom ahead.

"Well, let me know because I can't see my hand before my face."

High overhead, innumerable fireflies flashed goldenly in the unseen branches of the great water oaks.

"Th' lightnin' bugs is real pretty, ain't they? Ant Haley uster like tuh see 'em in th' gloamin'. She —"

Her voice faltered and they rode on in silence.

"I — I think this be th' tarnin'," Haley said at last.

His horse shied a little, but guided firmly turned off the wide road with a resigned snort.

"It be turrible black."

"You aren't afraid, are you?"

"N-no. I bean't eggzakly afeard —"

They rode in silence. Then Haley spoke in a small, desolate voice.

"I — I smell pine trees, don't yo'?"

"I've smelt them for some time."

"Then we've — we've lost th' way."

"Are you sure?"

"They ain't no pine trees 'long th' junction trail."

"What'll we do?"

"Thar ain't — ain't nothin' tuh do but wait 'till mawnin'."

"Couldn't we find our way back if we left it to the horses?"

"They'd jest take us home up th' back trail. Th' best thing is tuh git off an' tie 'em up 'till mawnin'. We kin set on th' needles. It's th' only thing tuh do."

They tied the horses and settled themselves at the foot of a big pine by the side of the trail.

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"I'm — I'm sorry," said Haley meekly.

"It's not your fault."

They relapsed into silence again. After a while from her gentle breathing, he knew that Haley had fallen asleep, exhausted by all she had been through. He rolled his coat into a pillow and gently slipped it under her head. Then he sat staring into the darkness, listening to the rhythmic rise and fall in the wild din of the katydids. Tomorrow she would — but he couldn't think of tomorrow.

A QUAIL was calling from the hill. He opened his eyes, vaguely wondering where he was. Haley still slept. The sight of the tear stains on her cheeks caught sharply at his heart.

He rose and stretched himself; but the heaviness weighing on all his limbs had little to do with fatigue. He was thirsty. Making as little noise as possible, he moved off in search of a spring or stream.

Other quails began to answer the first. Across the valley crows were cawing, and from close at hand suddenly came the lowing of a cow. He scrambled down a bank and found himself in a worn though somewhat overgrown trail. Following it a few paces, he came to a turn and stopped short.

They had camped at the very edge of the pine barrens, and straight ahead was the junction station.

He bounded up the bank to find Haley brushing pine needles from her cloak.

"Haley! The junction! It's right ahead."

"Is it?" she said very faintly.

"Yes, it's no distance at all. You don't need to come any further. I'll be all right now."

His heart was heavy as he said it.

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"But — but whut'll I do?"

"What do you mean?"

"I can't go home now. Uncle Zeke —"

He caught his breath.

"Couldn't I go along with you on th' train tuh town?"

She hesitated, then went on quickly.

"I got relatives thar — an' — an' I won't shame yo' none."

She held open her cloak to disclose the silk dress.

"Haley! You knew where the junction was all the time."

She dropped her eyes.

"And what am I to do with you after we do get to town?"

She lifted her candid eyes to his, trying bravely not to let her lips tremble.

"I reckon you'll hev tuh marry me. Leastwise that's how Ant Haley said 'twud be."

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Book Reviews

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday Doran, $2.50.

SINCLAIR LEWIS' latest novel, "It Can't Happen Here," which takes its title from the typical American remark concerning the possibility of a dictatorship in this country, is a piece of journalistic fiction in every page of which is the sound of a swiftly pounded typewriter. In fact, without listening, the attentive reader will catch in its pages the rattle of the flying keys and the tinkle of the bell at the end of the line.

Written at a white heat, the novel is filled with feeling, as well as with the sharp and accurate observation that has always marked Mr. Lewis' work even when it has failed, as has often been the case, to reach his top mark. One might naturally suppose that such a book would call for the exercise of a good deal of creative imagination, but actually Mr. Lewis has saved himself from the exercise of a faculty for which he has never been noted by the simple expedient of transferring what has happened in other countries to this; there is a striking resemblance to our dictatorship in that of Hitler — too striking, in fact, for credible accuracy.

The parts of the book that relate to the actual operations of the dictatorship are but little more than rewritten passages from the many volumes that have told of hardships and cruelties in Nazi Germany. Here again, as in the whole plan and tempo of the novel, the author is writing as a journalist, taking available material and reshaping it, but not enough so to suit his own purposes.

His descriptions of concentration camps, for example, parallel exactly similar descriptions of such institutions in Germany, and when he insists upon the widespread existence of homosexuality from the top to the bottom of the dictatorship, it is seen that he is merely following an established pattern, rather than trying to work out an American version.

The principal virtue of the work, aside from the fact that it represents Mr. Lewis as a tale-teller, the writer of exciting and even gripping narrative which carries the reader along at a

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breathless speed, lies in its re-statement of the liberal principles that belong to the generation of Americans of which Mr. Lewis himself is a member. For, without laboring the point too much, he makes it clear that both fascism and communism will inevitably find hard going in this country merely because of the existence of a large number of people who do not have to rationalize their belief in freedom of thought and expression, as well as in the exercise of the kindlier virtues, but whose minds are set on these matters in such a way that nothing but death can change them.

In other words, Mr. Lewis again makes it apparent that as much as he has scolded his fellow-Americans — even in the present book he finds them relieved of their dictatorship but uncertain what they want — there has never been any doubt in his mind that certain Americans are possessed of admirable qualities. Toward these he can be as gentle, almost sentimental, as he can be brutal to the whole tribe of hypocrites and stuffed shirts. Hence, while the present book is filled with rude and raucous laughter at many of our follies, it is also tender toward what Mr. Lewis considers our best in both men and women.

The spokesman for his own opinions is Doremus Jessup, a sixty-odd-year-old newspaper editor in the Vermont town of Fort Jessup. Mr. Lewis remains loyal to his own Middle West in having the "radical" territory lead in the revolt against the dictatorship, but his real tribute is to the state of his adoption. Jessup is shrewd, whimsical and liberal to the bone, quite a "character."

Often in his cogitations the accents of Mr. Lewis himself are unmistakable. This is a familiar Lewis trick, of course, elbowing the character aside to do the talking himself. In fact, there is one place where the phrase, "meditated Jessup," seems purely an interpolation, an afterthought, as if Mr. Lewis in making his revision had decided that it would be more in accordance with the rules of fiction if he retired a little more from the center of the stage.

His plan for the establishment of the dictatorship is not by the use of force and arms, which the Communists declare is the only possible method. On the contrary, he prophesies the next presidential election as resulting in the choice of one Buzz Windrip, who more nearly resembles the dead Huey Long

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than anyone else at present in the political picture. (The death of Long takes some of the punch out of Mr. Lewis's book, incidentally.) Windrip is full of fair promises, $5,000 a year for everybody, and so on; and he is greatly aided by Bishop Prang, the famous broadcaster, who is a Methodist Father Coughlin. The real devil in the Windrip administration is Lee Sarason, who more nearly resembles Hitler than he does an American. Windrip is in the main a sort of poker-playing, whiskey-drinking Harding, a good-natured, not very shrewd politician, who knows how to rouse the rabble and to play "Man-of-the-People" with finish and effect.

The League of Forgotten Men is the basis of Windrip's strength, and his administration is backed by the Minute Men, who are Hitler's Brown Shirts or Mussolini's Black Shirts all over again, taking the trick of beating with steel tapes from one and the use of castor oil from the other.

Eventually, after the dictatorship has grown in severity, and has resulted in what might be expected in the way of suppression of all freedom, Sarason, the diabolical, succeeds in getting rid of Windrip by sending him off to France. Then Sarason is killed by Haik, another member of the group, and things go from bad to worse the country over until the reaction sets in and the curtain falls, with our old friend Doremus Jessup active in what seems to be an excellent chance of the reëstablishment of democratic government, with an honest liberal Republican, Walt Trowbridge, as its head.

While all this is happening, Jessup has lost his paper, and is sent away to a concentration camp for his subversive activities in printing and distributing anti-Windrip propaganda. His daughter Mary, whose husband has been murdered, takes her melodramatic revenge by diving her airplane into a ship carrying the judge who sentenced her husband. His sweetheart, Lorinda, who is another one of Mr. Lewis's "free women," is done with complete sympathy — the same sort of tender affection as Sissy, the youngest Jessup child, who sounds, one must admit, slightly antiquated, as if she were a left-over flapper from the post-war revolt of youth.

It is easy to see that in describing the course of the dictatorship alone, with the German pattern at hand, Mr. Lewis is handling essentially dramatic material. This, coupled with his

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satirical jibes, his sketches of many living people, particularly of politicians — one way he has of dodging the identification of his characters with the living, or the freshly dead, as in the case of Huey Long, is to put in both — his joshing of patriotic songs, and the warm friendliness of his treatment of the Vermonters he likes, makes his book quite as readable as anything he has ever done. It is not literature, nor is it in any sense profound. But it is unadulterated Sinclair Lewis, and it represents him perfectly as the essential journalist he has always been.

I may add, as a personal observation, that the book left me unconvinced of the possibility of a dictatorship's arriving any time soon, or in the manner described by Mr. Lewis. The difference between us is that I have more faith in the Doremus Jessups than he has; I still think they would go into action before a Buzz Windrip and a Lee Sarason got as far as the White House.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

VEIN OF IRON. By Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt Brace, $2.50.

MUCH of our modern fiction is either a cry of despair, or a more or less whining protest against what the writers regard as the general futility of life. Everything, they declare, being for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds, the only amelioration to weariness and woe is getting drunk continually, if not continuously. But now, ringing high above this wailing chorus, Ellen Glasgow's new novel comes like a trumpet call, stirring men's minds and hearts to a renewal, not so much of hope or faith, as of pride and fortitude. It is possible, proclaims this book by America's foremost novelist, not merely to refuse to yield to misfortune but even, if you are proud enough and strong enough, to wring something of happiness out of pain and disappointment. At the very last, John Fincastle attains a peace which is greater than joy; his daughter Ada, whose story the novel tells, closes it on a note of triumph.

Miss Glasgow has a full appreciation of the power of heredity, and shows it as a dominant factor in the lives of her characters. The Fincastles were Scotch Presbyterians who had

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come to America when Virginia was still a wilderness, settling in the village of Ironside in Shut-In Valley. Ada's great-great-great-grandmother had been captured by Indians and married to an Indian brave at the age of seventeen; she was a hundred years old when she died, and never spoke about her early experiences. Her grandmother, a strict Presbyterian, had seen her brilliant, dearly loved son John, pastor of the largest church in Queenborough, turned out of his pulpit because of the heretical ideas expressed in his book. John Fincastle had stood for what he believed to be the truth; as a result of this honesty, he was obliged to take his old mother, his pretty, delicate wife, Mary Evelyn, and his little daughter, Ada, back to the comfortless old family home, still called the manse, where they lived as best they could on the produce of their garden and the chickens raised by his sister Meggie — the few dollars he was able to earn by teaching being needed for his life insurance and the mortgage.

When we first meet Ada she is a child of ten, her desires and hopes all centered on the doll with real hair her father is to bring her from town, not as a gift, but as her own purchase, bought with the money earned by picking berries. When he arrives she can hardly wait to open the package — and the doll proves merely a china one, with hair painted on. Those with real hair had been too expensive. "Try not to give way to disappointment. Think how sad the world would be if we all gave way to disappointment," Aunt Meggie admonishes the child. But Ada, who has what her grandmother calls "the single heart," is conscious only that never, so long as she lives, will she have a doll with hair that she can brush and comb.

That episode is typical. Misfortune pursues Ada as the children chase the idiot boy in the book's opening sentence. The mob of the unimaginative, the carelessly cruel who make up so large a portion of humanity, brings her suffering. Because of the force of a mob convention she is compelled to see Ralph McBride, her young lover, married to the worthless girl for whom he cares nothing, and who cares nothing for him. The little time of perfect happiness they defiantly snatch from life has to be paid for, and then when presently it seems as if Ada's hopes are at last to be fulfilled, the Ralph who returns from the War proves a changed man, cynical and embittered.

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But deep down in Ada's character lies that "Vein of Iron" which is her heritage, and this it is that enables her to live through the depression of the thirties as indomitably as her ancestors had lived through hardships and Indian warfare.

Ada is superbly drawn, as are all the characters in the book. Her frail, lovely mother, who "fell into the habit of laughing too much," during those dark days when there often wasn't enough to eat in the house, and who found more help in her one pretty blue bowl than she did in morning prayers, is in some ways the most appealing figure in the book. The courage with which she strove to maintain a certain grace of living was as heroic as her husband's stand for integrity. The old grandmother, stern, strong, firm in her religion, who was always sent for when there was sickness among the mountain folk, is so magnificent a personage that a book less rich than this one would be irretrievably impoverished by her passing. Yet admirably as all these are drawn, admirably drawn too as are Ralph, the "disappointed romantic," and the many minor characters, the author's very finest work is her portrayal of John Fincastle, the philosopher. In the hands of almost any other writer, he would have been objectionable; as he stands out in Miss Glasgow's book we sympathize with him, reverence him, are hurt by his tragedy, but never presume to pity him. The scene of his death is one of the best, perhaps the very best, that this First Lady of fiction has ever wrought.

The long novel is so thoughtful, so rich in wisdom and in understanding, so full of memorable scenes and yet more memorable individuals, it is difficult to decide what to choose for special comment. No more truthful, and consequently more heartbreaking description of the depression has yet appeared than that Miss Glasgow gives us in her account of what happened in Mulberry Street. On the other hand, it would be anything but easy to find a more beautiful treatment of love's ecstasy than the episode on the Indian trail. Miss Glasgow looks at life steadily, clearly and above all honestly, with a gaze undistorted by romanticism and undimmed by pessimism. There is sweetness and contentment and joy in existence as she sees it, as well as bitterness and disappointment and pain. Even Aunt Meggie, who had missed the love which enabled Mary Evelyn, despite poverty and frustration, to assert, "I

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have been happy," found delight in small, practical things; while John Fincastle, the "splindid failure," relished life as his forefathers had done, and as his daughter did — meeting it always with the same high courage.

"There's one thing they can't take from us, and that's fortitude," he declares, speaking for once as the mouthpiece of his creator. Contrasted with this work of beauty and power and clear vision, many of our best sellers seem things of mere tinsel and straw.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

LUCY GAYHEART. By Willa Cather. Knopf, $2.00.

AT FIRST appearances, Miss Cather seems to have written a novel which corrects all the minor faults of her previous successes. The time is the twentieth century rather than the nostalgic past, and the main scene is Chicago rather than some overworked small community. Her style shows the same sure mastery which can be found in such diverse novels as "My Antonia" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop," though she occasionally slips, as in ". . . one's blood coursing unchilled in an air where roses froze instantly."

The story is based on the life of the charming and talented Lucy Gayheart. She goes from her small town into the music world of Chicago, where she meets and falls in love with a famous concert singer. Because he gives her a glimpse of a world that she has never imagined, she spurns her girlhood sweetheart. She lives in bliss, finding it hard to wait between their meetings. Then the singer is drowned in one of the Italian lakes. Lucy returns broken-hearted to her home town, almost recovers her happiness, when suddenly she is drowned herself after a quarrel with her sister. The last section of the book is devoted to the sorrowing of the sweetheart who realized too late how much he loved her. She leaves a gay and vivid memory in the hearts of the people who knew her.

With this absurdly mid-Victorian plot Miss Cather has done extremely well. Her characters seem genuine, especially Lucy whose gaiety infects the reader. The town boy is a perfect prig, though not to be compared with Levin in Anna Karénina, who is also lovable. The key situation — Lucy's reaction to the

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singer's death — is handled by the author with great delicacy.

The fault of this novel lies not in what it includes, but in what it excludes. There is no complete picture of Lucy's small town background, nor of the development of her personality beyond the statement that she was a very simple person who was always gay. There is no evidence that Chicago had any effect on her. In fact there is no feeling for existence in twentieth century America rather than nineteenth, or eighteenth, except for Lucy's slight emancipation. There is little finality to the presages of her death which shocks the reader and does not convince him of its inevitability.

The wistful nostalgia of the last section of this novel fully counteracts the relative modernity of the setting and leaves the whole hanging on a blurred edge of time. One wonders if Miss Cather has a positive sense of values strong enough to withstand the present.

JOHN SLOCUM

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann, $1.25.

"ANTHONY ADVERSE" and the current, astonishing vogue of the three-decker novel notwithstanding, it is not necessary for an author to produce a long work to touch off the responsiveness of the public, or even to deal largely or lovingly with the materials of romance. Short things can invoke equal magic.

Slightly over a decade ago, for example, we had "Messer Marco Polo," and even those of us who now realize that Donn Byrne's compact distillation of wizardry is not quite so likely to maintain a front-rank position among the immortals of literature as we then thought, do not have to be ashamed of the dozen times we read it, nor of the "great shout" which, like Kubla hearing the story of Christ, we gave when we were done. Last year we were given "Good Bye, Mr. Chips." It was a withdrawal from life, as aloof and sheltered from the world as the ivy-overgrown school buildings in which its episodes took place, but it did something to our pulses just the same.

Now comes to us "The Voice of Bugle Ann," a small book that is just as appealing as its great little heroine with her

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brown spots, her flopping ears, her "well-arched coupling" and the proud tail she carried like a banner. It is perhaps the best one, and the most durable one of the three. It is definitely a romance, but it is grounded firmly on reality. Its story is exciting, even melodramatic, but — at any rate to those who know the South — entirely credible. Within the self-imposed limits of its Missouri way of speech, its writing is effective and vivid; if not strictly humorous, it is at least frequently dry; and it is often very beautiful. Its organization (speaking technically) is almost perfect. Indeed, the one fault of the book is that it is almost too perfectly put together; that the author knows almost too well the tricks of his trade; that he constructs his story so flawlessly that sometimes, though never for long, one has a fleeting half doubt of his sincerity.

It is — to use a way of speaking filched from the mental processes of Hollywood press agents — almost a pint-sized epic. Better still it is an American ballad about an American subject and spoken in an American lingo, that happens to have been cast in prose.

First of all it is a story about fox hunting. Not, however, any imported, even if duty-free sport of would-be English squires of Fairfield, Connecticut or Warrenton, Virginia. "We never kill the fox," says old Springfield Davis who is the eighty-two-year-old protagonist of the story. "We don't ride no horses, nor wear funny coats and caps. We raise dogs and we train them." (That in itself is one hundred percent native, as American as the Declaration of Independence or a coonskin cap, as is also the fierce passionate love of dogs upon which the tale is grounded. No one with a slick kennel and a professional dog-handler can quite measure the depth of it. It is frontier atavism.)

Beyond that, it is the story of a particular dog — of Bugle Ann, of a "little lady" as Spring liked to call his bitches, of a fine foxhound who "had learned the last trick of any fox who ever jumped," of "the sweetest mouthed hound in Missouri."

"Sometimes I reckon I don't deserve her," says Spring.

It is, further, the story of Spring Davis himself who ran away to join the Confederate army seventy years ago when he was twelve years old, but "who had done a sight of fox hunting before that." And of his son Benjy who had "something of the Indian" in his "twenty-year-old face." And of Calhoun

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Royster, his friend and neighbor who had hunted fox with him "time out of mind." And of Cal Royster's son Baker who had served over seas and had been shell-shocked, and who therefore could not hear talk of shooting without trembling inside and feeling his throat grow dusty, without smelling pepper in his nose "as if someone had given him a blow that fractured the little blood vessels."

It makes mention of Spring Davis' wife Adelaide.

"Mrs. Davis was thirty years younger than her husband, eighteen inches shorter, a few degrees less talkative, and she knew that after his dogs Spring loved her well."

It goes on to consider Jacob Terry whom Spring Davis "wouldn't call a pleasant man" and who plays havoc with their fox hunting by going in for sheep raising. He cuts off their country with a wove-wire fence. "Hog-tight, bull-strong, and horse-high," Tom Royster calls it.

It brings in Camden Terry, Jacob's eighteen-year-old daughter who has "the shaded hazel eyes of her mother's family" but "the Terry red hair." Benjy Davis falls in love with her. Montague and Capulet in the Ozarks!

There is a killing, and a courthouse trial and Spring Davis goes to State Prison in Jefferson City. It deals with the disappearance of Bugle Ann, and with her death, and with (you might almost say) her resurrection. And it has a happy ending. Yet it is in no way (outside of the normal possibilities of life) sentimental. It does of course heretically indicate that a tale written about the white inhabitants of a southern state can make you laugh, chortle, weep or cry out with delight. The previous indications were that you could only retch.

And this is a sound thing and a needed thing to do. For without challenging either the abilities or the integrity of that crop of writers who have allowed us to see without illusions the ingrown degeneracy of a way of living that is a national disgrace, one can point out that there is another equally valid tradition. It is the older tradition. For the bards brought us delight long before the first socially minded writer lashed our conscience.

A bard in his own way, Mr. Kantor does the same. I do not undertake to predict that our grandchildren studying twentieth century literature will find this little gem required reading. But, sirs and madams, I do hold that you will like it now.

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If you enjoy good stories, "spines like little needles" will rise on your scalp as they did on Benjy's, when you have finished. But if perchance you are a dog lover, then Lord help you. For like Cal Royster, you will be crying like your "own grandchild," only perhaps not quietly. And toward Mr. Kantor you will be feeling a warmth and a gratitude that you do not know how to express.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

FELICIANA. By Stark Young. Scribner's, $2.50.

STARK YOUNG is an artist who understands that there are two planes of reality — the plane of accidental detail and the plane of essential quality. Several of the chirping — and squawking — critics have indulged in such phrases as "Mr. Young's air-conditioned Deep South" to belittle the spell of sensitive beauty in his latest book, "Feliciana." These critics belong to the "rats, lice and history" school of literary perception. It is their own mentality that needs to be air-conditioned.

Feliciana is a collection of sketches and short stories, some of them in an Italian setting, but most of them to do with Stark Young's beloved Deep South, before, during and after the civil war that strangled our agrarian civilization. To say that the Civil War ended slavery is beside the point and misleading. It ended chattel slavery and ushered in the era of the industrial helot. It ended slavery of the body and enthroned a new servitude of the mind and soul. Mr. Young is not concerned with either form of slavery. He is merely enchanted with a quality no longer to be found in the American soul — a quality that captured the wisdom of the creative earth and the sensitiveness of all things that grow between the rain and the sun. He is concerned most literally with tenderness.

"I sometimes think that nothing is worth while that is not about something else," writes Mr. Young in telling the chivalric story of "Cousin Micajah"; and then explains that as he once listened to his uncle tell of other people and other times, he "knew perfectly well that he was not talking of any person or story but of all life." Tenderness belongs to the living and thus to all life — and to death, not as the end, but as immortal-

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ity. The dead of whom Stark Young learned in his youth became his immortals and part of a living heritage. He tells us now of their undying qualities. The best stories in "Feliciana" are the fruit of his communion with these living dead.

It is in "Shadows on Terrebonne" that we find Stark Young at his best. One can hardly call it a short story, so uneasily does it fit into any hard category. It traces the interplay of silent understanding between youth and middle age, between little Ellen and her uncle Alfred, who had seen more than other men and had thus encountered the challenge of an unbelieving world. At long last, events proved that he had seen the truth. "What happens to our souls when nothing mocks them any more? Are they not free? And are not those who love us free then also?" Ellen could leave her uncle, to begin her own cycle of life, only when he was freed from the unbelieving mockery of the world. That is the theme of "Shadows on Terrebonne" — as fragile and as livingly tender as the manner of its telling. Its setting is on the plantation whose name gives the title to the story, a place "like time itself, the shadows, the wings, the passing ripples, against the steady, still stream."

One cares very little whether or not the accidental detail of this vanished life had ugly aspects which Mr. Young neglects to mention. He is not indulging in that transient form of realism. He is writing in the other plane of essential quality, "not of any person or story but of all life." There is more than mere nostalgia at play here. There is also the tender passion of understanding, and the consciousness that between the living past and the living present only time intervenes, as between today and tomorrow's dawn.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1935. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.

WITH the present volume, Edward J. O'Brien's annual collection of "Best Short Stories" comes of age. Appearing over a period of twenty-one years, the volumes have secured for their editor the high rank of arbiter over the destinies of most writers of this class of literature. The task of evaluating each volume of the series as it appears, calls for more

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than a mere excoriation of the editor for his sins of commission and omission. One must first investigate the editor's standards of selection, in order to ascertain whether the stories fall short of, achieve or exceed the expressed aims of the anthology. Then the value of the editor's principles of selection may be questioned.

In the current volume of "Best Short Stories," Mr. O'Brien has set himself "the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. . . . No substance is of importance in fiction unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating." Here is Mr. O'Brien's first test for excellence in the short story, that of substance.

"But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization." Thus Mr. O'Brien's second test is that of artistic form. When the gravity of these two tests is applied by Mr. O'Brien, the year's short story crop falls neatly into categories. Distinctive stories are listed in the appendix with one, two or three stars to indicate the editor's keen but not infallible judgment of their merit. From the Roll of Honor (three stars) are taken the stories reprinted within the volume.

When the first of Mr. O'Brien's tests is applied to the twenty-seven "Best Short Stories" included in the present volume, let it be remembered that this test of substance "may fairly be called a criticism of life." Judging from the stories included, "life" for Mr. O'Brien would seem to have a special and narrow significance, entitling it to be spelled (as once long ago) with a capital "L," and consisting merely of the emotional reactions of a few individuals to one another in varying degrees ranging from affection to violence, of individuals who have no relation to the *zeitgeist* or *weltanschauung* of the period in which they live. The characters in the majority of the stories included could as well have lived, moved and had their intimate little beings in the world of 1914. Although no one could fairly ask the fiction writer to embody a complete history of the age in

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which his characters live as the background of his story, nevertheless some indication of the spirit of the age in which the author lives will be inherent in the substance of the story. Life, the common life, has always pervaded good literature in such a manner that the reader of a later period may accurately sense the tempo and the spiritual *milieu* of the period in which the author wrote.

Now, in the sixth year of the depression and on the twenty-first anniversary of the World War — two of the greatest maelstroms into which human life can be plunged — one may reasonably expect to find in the literature of the period some sense of the social unrest, the frustration and despair, the hopes and struggles resulting from the impact of two major disasters. As a matter of fact, in present-day America there *are* many writers keenly aware of the deep social and personal implications of depression, who are intent upon portraying its effects upon the relationships of individuals to each other, and of the individual to the masses.

But in all the twenty-seven stories selected by Mr. O'Brien the depression is not mentioned once — which may be all to the good. What is a more serious accusation, however, only two stories are in substance remotely concerned with the effect of the present widespread economic débâcle. In Paul Horgan's "A Distant Harbor," a young man ironically gets a job which would have permitted him to marry his sweetheart who is *enceinte*, only to return after his day's work to find that she, thinking herself deserted because of his absence, has committed suicide. In Madelene Cole's "Bus to Biarritz" one finds the familiar theme: a virgin on her way to make the supreme sacrifice to be able to aid her parents. But for the most part, instead of stories vibrant with contemporary realities, O'Brien's present volume contains a satiety of rehashed themes and immature characterizations, reminiscent of the materials and methods of the group of revolters of the '20s.

Here, for instance, in Charles Cooke's "Triple Jumps" is the story of a circus performer who commits suicide because of the infidelity of his sweetheart. Whit Burnett's "Division" (whose fifty-seven pages properly padded would make a fair novel) deals with the immature introspections of a young poet over the fearful dichotomy of his soul. In Harry Sylvester's "A

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Boxer, Old" is described the decline and last fight of a pugilist. Perhaps the best illustration of the hackneyed material in this collection is the first selection in the book, "Outside Yuma" by Benjamin Appel, a story in the original Jim Tully tradition of life in hobohemia. Four men are put off a train in the desert, where they wander as aimlessly as they talk, or vice versa. (Compare this story of pre-depression hoboes from the editor's own magazine, with Daniel Main Waring's powerful story of post-depression transients, "Fruit Tramp," in Harpers for July 1934, which is not included.)

Omitting all stories that portray a social consciousness of the contemporary scene, the editor found himself "compelled to comment on a new and serious tendency in contemporary American letters, a tendency on the part of many critics and more writers to legislate politically on the American writer's subject matter in a manner that can only be described as fascist." While one may agree with his contention that political preoccupations will limit the writer's art, one must take issue with his assumption that writers on the left or right who hold certain political tenets cannot become more than machine-minded dabblers. Although he does not call those writers on the left Marxists, it is understood that Mr. O'Brien means this group. One is led to suspect that the editor's violent antipathy to the Marxists was the primary factor which led him to exclude stories written from a social outlook, even the several excellent stories published last year in first-class magazines.

In his summary of the short story for the year he wrote, "The rhythm of the American scene is now much more even and self-possessed than it has ever been before. Speed values are rapidly disappearing, galvanic stimulus is less and less offered to the reader, and it begins to look as if the American writer was beginning to possess his own soul in peace, if not in comfort. The battle has been won. Let us now see if the American writer is prepared to share the fruits of victory with his enemies." This might well be called O'Brien's manifesto toward escape into the dark backward abysm of time.

Mr. O'Brien should further be taken to task for his neglect of a second tendency in contemporary American letters. This is the tendency toward regional color (as distinguished from

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local color) as the background for fiction, best represented in the more significant work of Erskine Caldwell. (Incidentally, one of Caldwell's stories, "The Cold Winter," a trite piece as compared with such a story as "Kneel to the Rising Sun," is included in the present collection. Instead of selecting a story which would reveal Caldwell's preoccupation with regional color in the South, and his social consciousness of the plight of the "poor whites," Mr. O'Brien chose a story with an apartment house setting and a peeping Tom character — who eavesdrops as the man in the next room comes to murder his estranged wife and take their child.) Indeed, while excluding stories from this school of regional color, the editor includes five stories whose settings are in France, Spain and England. One should not of course try to delimit the author's range in search of a proper setting for his art, but this does not justify Mr. O'Brien's omission of outstanding American regional color stories to make room for mediocre stories set in other parts of the world.

If it is granted that technical excellence in story-telling is the prime requisite in the "Best Short Stories," Mr. O'Brien had ample reason for including the majority of the twenty-seven stories comprising his current volume. However, as he himself has had occasion to remark, American short story writers are past masters in the technique of narration, plot construction and characterization. But the best technicians are not necessarily the most significant or best writers, for in that event Mr. O'Brien would be compelled to get his best stories each year from the abundant crop in the pulp and slick magazines. In the present volume, however, there are five excellent stories which embody significant subject matter in such a manner that form and content constitute a whole, a work of art: Dorothy McCleary's "Sunday Morning," David Cornel DeJong's "Home-Coming," Paul Horgan's "Distant Harbor," William Wister Haines' "Remarks: None," and Allan Seager's "This Town and Salamanca."

By far the most outstanding selection in the volume is, strictly speaking, not a short story but a new type of literature. William Saroyan's "Resurrection of a Life" is representative of a bastard form of the essay and the short story. Despite the fact that Saroyan's book, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying

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Trapeze," was universally acclaimed the major find in the realm of the short story during 1934, even a casual survey of his work is sufficient indication of his ability as a writer in a new branch of literature which is neither the short story nor the essay, but a peculiarly powerful combination of the form and substance of both.

While "The Best Short Stories of 1935" cannot be called an impartial selection made by reference to expressed objective standards, Mr. O'Brien is to be commended on the inclusion of several significant short story writers, and by three of the five outstanding discoveries of the year in the short story realm. It is unfortunate that an analysis of the sources of the stories which make up the volume should reflect that practice so evident among American critics (to the detriment of our literature) of mutual back-slapping and praise. This is not to condemn mutual assistance among writers except in so far as it tends to perpetuate certain types of literature and materials, to the exclusion and discouragement of a fresh expression of creative talent.

WILLIAM AND KATHRYN CORDELL

ULYSSES S. GRANT, POLITICIAN *By William B. Hesseltine. Dodd Mead*, $4.00.

WHEN the series of "American Political Leaders" was started five years ago, we were promised volumes on the major political figures from Andrew Johnson to Herbert Hoover that would present complete, original, and critical accounts of the subjects. This volume on Grant, the tenth of the series, maintains the standard set by the earlier publications in the series, though it differs in method from most of them.

In "Ulysses S. Grant, Politician," Profesor Hesseltine chose to write a history of Grant as President, rather than a full length biography of the victor of the Civil War. In taking these eight years as the focal period of Grant's life, the author was perfectly justified. Before 1860 Grant failed in every attempt he made to earn a living; the Civil War raised him to the dizziest heights of fame; the eight years in the White House showed that the rise had been a little too sudden.

Though many have made the attempt, no biographer has

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ever succeeded in presenting a complete picture of Grant. Professor Hesseltine has re-created the Grant of the presidential years, the man as he really was. In an opening chapter that is a masterpiece of biographical condensation, Grant is carried from his birth in 1822 to the opening of the Civil War. While reading this chapter one regrets that the author did not give us more details of Grant's early life, though nothing is omitted that will enable us to understand General and President Grant.

Ulysses S. Grant was born into a family that was very sparing of signs of affection. Shy, sensitive, and silent, the boy was allowed to grow up under comparatively little restraint and with comparatively little attention paid to him. The result was that Grant had what the psychologists call an inferiority complex. In only one situation was the boy always the master. He loved horses, knew them, and could ride any that he ever saw. In this field he showed the patience and the tenacity that were to enable him to defeat Lee, the stubbornness that was to cause him so much trouble when he became President.

Grant's father was very proud of his son, and wanted to give him the educational advantages which had been denied to the older man. Money, however, was scarce with Jesse Grant, and it was only through political influence that Ulysses was able to escape from his father's tannery, which he thoroughly disliked. An appointment to West Point was obtained for him; this boy who hated the sight of blood was launched on a career as a professional soldier, a career that was to reach its height in one of the bloodiest wars in the world's history.

Grant's record at West Point was fair. He was good at mathematics, a brilliant horseman, but he never could master French. At graduation, he was commissioned a lieutenant of infantry and ordered to Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis. He had no desire to remain in the army: he wanted to be a professor of mathematics at West Point! As there was no vacancy at the Point, Grant continued his tour of duty in St. Louis. He served through the Mexican War as regimental quartermaster, remaining in the army until 1853, when, now a captain and a married man, he resigned rather than face a courtmartial on a charge of drinking.

When Grant left the army, he had no plans and no hope for the future. The story of the next seven or eight years was

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to prove that he was totally unfitted for civil life, whatever his military ability may have been. His own and his wife's family helped him, but he could make no headway in business. He tried farming, held an internal revenue post for a time, and finally became a clerk in his brother's store at Galena, Illinois, at fifty dollars a month. Even here he was a failure.

And then war was declared. For a time bad luck continued to follow him, until an opportunity for military organization brought him to the attention of the state authorities. In a short time he was given a regiment and, in his thirty-ninth year, he started to fight his way to fame. The story of Grant's rise to the position of commanding general of the Union army is too well known to need recounting here. It is sufficient to say his most prominent traits of character, patience and tenacity combined with the ability to make sudden decisions and the will power to carry them through, gave him his success in the Civil War. With the possible exception of Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant was the most popular man in this country in April 1865, and that popularity continued into the middle of his first administration.

It is at this point in the narrative of Grant's career that Hesseltine's book assumes major proportions, becomes an invaluable study not only of Grant but of the politics and economics of the Reconstruction Era and the Gilded Age. It is at this time that the real Grant begins to appear, though it will be years before the picture is complete.

When the hero of Appomattox found himself the country's hero, he was as embarrassed as if he had been a beardless lieutenant. He tried to avoid the numerous social affairs that were staged in his honor, drawing back into the protection of his silence as completely as he could. This retirement could be only temporary for he was courted by the radicals and by President Johnson and his party. No one knew where Grant stood on the question of what should be done with the South. The radicals needed him to strengthen their position; President Johnson sought his aid to bring about an intelligent solution of the perplexing question. Grant kept his silence, and in so doing became the most important man in the country.

It is doubtful, as Professor Hesseltine points out, whether or not Grant knew on which side of the question he stood. He

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had voted but once in his life, for Buchanan in 1856. He had never evinced any interest in politics and public affairs, but he was naturally quiet and conservative. He had granted General Lee lenient terms of surrender, which encouraged Johnson and his followers to believe he would side with them. On the other hand, he had let fall an occasional remark regarding the South and slavery that led the radicals to believe that they could count on him. Such was the state of national affairs as the time approached for the presidential nomination.

As the author develops the narrative of these stirring and troublous times we see General Grant — he was now General of the Armies, the first since Washington — leaning now in one direction, now in the other. He wanted to remain friendly with both sides, he was beginning to realize his own importance, and he knew that he would be the next President of the United States by the vote of the people rather than by the choice of any political party.

Gradually he saw that his fortunes lay with the radicals, because they seemed to voice the sentiments of the majority in respect to the South. His break with President Johnson came as a result of the latter's defiance of the Tenure of Office Act in removing Stanton as Secretary of War. From that time on he was in the hands of the radicals, and from that time dates the beginning of his political education, such as it was. Of course he was elected, and he took office in the firm belief that he had been chosen by the will of the people and not by the politicians.

General Grant entered upon his first term of office with a very meagre equipment. His ignorance of the Constitution and constitutional government was equalled only by his ignorance of politics. Almost every move that he made on his own responsibility was wrong, and this situation continued throughout his eight years as President. His cabinet, entirely of his own selection, was about as bad as it could be. His nominee for the Treasury, A. T. Stewart, was ineligible for that office because of his business affiliations. Even when this and other necessary changes were made in the cabinet, it was still far below the average. The President tried to carry on the government as the General carried on the war, and he did not seem to see that this was impossible.

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His troubles began at once and continued throughout his two administrations. The country's finances were in a deplorable condition; reconstruction problems in the South were a constant trouble and worry; Grant continually interfered in foreign affairs, of which he knew absolutely nothing; and finally, there was the politics involved in the whole problem. These matters and numerous others are brilliantly described in a series of chapters which, in my judgment, are among the best that have ever been written on this important and complicated period of our history.

Despite the serious errors that were made in domestic and foreign affairs largely through Grant's stubbornness, wilfulness, and ineptitude, he was reëlected in 1872. He had lost a great deal of his popularity, but he still had enough to defeat his "Democratic" opponent, Horace Greeley, the worst possible candidate that could have been selected.

Within a few months of the beginning of the second term, the storm broke. The financial structure broke under the weight of the failure of Jay Cooke, resulting in the panic of 1873. Then came the scandals which were to make these eight years famous in the annals of political corruption. The scandals of the Crédit Mobilier, of the Whiskey Ring, of the Salary Grab, of Secretary of War Belknap, festered and broke under pressure by the Democrats and the reformers, leaving the impression that there was scarcely an honest man in public life.

Professor Hesseltine is careful to point out in his survey of this phase of Grant's history that the President inherited some of this trouble, and that in no instance could the slightest trace of dishonesty be attributed to him. As a matter of fact, Grant's high sense of honor and honesty prevented him from seeing dishonesty when it was obvious to everyone else. His fault was more culpable in the Whiskey Ring scandal than in any of the others, for the center of the ring in St. Louis was one of Grant's personal appointees and his private secretary; a member of his personal as well as of his official family was equally implicated. Grant was totally unable to read character, and even when his friends were shown to be deeply involved he refused to accept the evidence.

In discussing Grant's activities in the famous election of 1876, Hesseltine substantiates the findings of all modern his-

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torians and biographers, that Tilden was elected and that the election was stolen from him in Louisiana and Florida, the Republicans having captured South Carolina through intimidation of the voters. For this disgraceful affair, President Grant must take most of the blame. He knew of the corruption existing in these states, he sent Federal troops into them ostensibly to preserve "republican government" — really to guarantee the return of Republican electors — and he upheld every move of the Republicans to declare Hayes the victor. By this time Grant had ceased to be the choice of the people; he had become the boss of the Republican party. The party had stood by him and he was prompt to pay his debt.

One of the most remarkable features of this excellent analysis of Grant, the politician, is its impartial tone. Without resorting to any of the tricks of the scandalmongers — the temptation must have been strong — the author steadily and remorselessly develops his thesis: the change from the great soldier to the party politician. Based on unimpeachable evidence, and written in a style that combines grace and dignity with interest, "Ulysses S. Grant, Politician" is a very important contribution to the literature on Grant, and to the history of the United States in the nineteenth century.

E. H. O'NEILL

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, Statesman of Secession and Reunion. By Wirt Armistead Cate. The University of North Carolina Press, $5.00.

THE thoroughly southern University of North Carolina Press published this long and very traditional biography of the South's most able statesman of reunion. The tradition it is written in is not widely followed today. The author avoids completely all the vulgarities and insights of the psychological biographers, the corruption and truth of economic interpreters, and the sweeping deductions of the anthropological schools. The book follows an unhurried chronological order. It traces the family tree to the seventeenth century. It talks about Lamar's education and marriage and comings and goings. It presents its evidence with no interpretation and takes for granted an acceptance of all evidence at strict face value.

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Wirt Armistead Cate rigidly denies himself any unity that might be called merely artistic unity — this is no masquerading novel. But in avoiding so carefully the taint of prose fiction he tends to miss also purely historical comprehensibility. The book is the rather external chronicle of a man's action, almost the raw material for a biography. Lamar's actions are linked together too much by dates. His family life, private business, local political work, education, traveling, and his southern and national statesmanship are understood to be working on each other, but there is small attempt explicitly to rationalize from the material any generalized forces. This does give a kind of objectivity. An objective definition of Lamar's stature in American history appears to be the primary purpose of the book, but the objectivity is not altogether fruitful. It shows how important a great many contemporaries thought Lamar was, but a reader doesn't feel he has been given a proper chance to judge for himself, nor that the author has fully explained his own high estimation.

Lucius Q. C. Lamar (Quintus Cincinnatus) was born in 1825 to a Georgian branch of one of the South's ruling families. He had a good education, became a lawyer and a law professor, married and settled down in Oxford, Mississippi. He was a promising young States' Rights man in Congress before the War (Civil), and during it he worked for the South as a statesman, a soldier, and after being wounded and threatened with epilepsy, as a diplomat. At the time of Secession he made the beautiful proposal that the southern states should adopt the American Constitution verbatim as the organic law of the Confederacy. He reëntered national politics during Reconstruction days, and first as a Representative and then as a Senator led in the "redemption" of the South and in the reconciliation of the sections. Cleveland made him Secretary of the Interior, and finally, in 1888, he became the first southerner and Democrat after the War to be appointed Justice of the Supreme Court.

In the slow and difficult labor of disarming northern suspicion of southern "rebels," of finally putting into dead history the whole conflict of secession, and of eliminating the "bloody shirt" from American politics, Lamar worked more effectively than anyone. After reëntering Congress in 1873, his

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first important speech was a eulogy of Charles Sumner, a surprising speech for the "southerner of the southerners" and the most famous of his life. While never hinting that he had changed his mind about the right of the southern cause, he finally and completely accepted on the national plane the results of the "bloody arbitrament," and sought mutual knowledge and charity between North and South. This labor, done expressly for the nation, and Lamar's most important work, the author shows excellently.

Lamar linked his national efforts very consciously with his particular aspirations for the South and for Mississippi. To him the latter were frankly primary, at least until he was rather old. It is in interpreting his work for the South that Mr. Cate seems to assume a number of premises which many of his readers won't share. The "black Republican" governments of the South depended on the armed patrols of an unfriendly North, and it was from these "scalawag" and "carpetbag" governments that Mississippi wanted redemption. The author shows that Lamar accepted the constitutional freedom of the slaves and the impossibility ever of withdrawing from the Union, but he gives the impression that aside from these concessions, Lamar wanted the South to be just the same as before the war. Mr. Cate is probably correct, but he rather assumes than demonstrates that this was the proper attitude.

Lamar considered himself a "conservative Democrat," but in regard to most issues not enough material is given to get a very complete picture of what he meant by this. He was for a low tariff, low taxes and for "sound" versus "greenback" money. He objected to dishonesty in government, and administered the Interior Department, with the vastly important Land Office, brilliantly and scrupulously. He believed in the efficacy of education and did good work to advance public schools. His conception of a public servant was high and he never betrayed it. In these matters the specific problem of rebuilding the South hardly arises, except in so far as they opposed the dominant northern policy favoring in a different way the new industrialism.

We have a fuller picture, however, of his attitude toward the negroes. In general it can be said that the Republicans are shown always wrong and Lamar always right. There are more

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reasons to question this view than the author seems to assume. The truly pernicious governments set over the southern states after the War are accused of being the sole and sufficient reason why the color line was bitterly and so permanently drawn through southern politics and life. Lamar is pictured as protesting against this and trying to eradicate its evil consequences. Lamar was certainly no southern "Bourbon," and was relatively enlightened when compared with his southern neighbors, but he showed no appreciation of the fact that some Americans wanted real and actual equality for the negroes. To him it was blind hatred that made some northerners prefer, if there were only that choice, government dominated by negroes to government by the old southerners. He simply could not conceive of the Civil War emotion about "redeeming" the negro. Several quotations may illustrate his viewpoint:

> "I have just emerged from a struggle to keep our people from a race conflict. I am not sure yet that we are safe, for the *black* line is still maintained by the agents of the Federal government. The negro race, which has no idea of a principle of government or of society beyond that of obedience to the mandate of a master, sees in these agents the only embodiment of authority. . . . We could, by forming the 'color line,' and bringing to bear those agencies which intellect, pluck, and will always give, overcome the stolid, inert, and illiterate majority; but such a victory will bring about conflicts and race passions and collisions with Federal power.
>
> "Whilst I have labored to come to an opposite conclusion, I am satisfied that the experiment of trying to make self-governing people out of the negroes will fail — in fact, has already failed."
>
> "*We white people ought to keep united.* So much of our highest interest, of our truest prosperity, and of our best hope depends upon this union, that brethren of the same blood must not allow themselves to divide between contending parties or over the claims of party candidates; for here in Mississippi unity of purpose and concert of action (and very vigorous action at that) are not a policy, not a sentiment, not a principle, but a supreme necessity of self-preservation, an only refuge from ruin and woe.
>
> [If the Federal government should at once and entirely cease to interfere in the affairs of Mississippi] "the rights of personal security and of property would be under the changed circumstances referred to as secure as they are in any community on earth. The disturbances there now are purely of a political

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nature. Public opinion in that state regards any white man as ignoble and cowardly who would cheat a negro or take advantage of him in a trade or who would wantonly do him a personal injury. . . . The suffrage and other political rights would, with occasional disturbances for a short period, be quickly secured to the freedmen."

Although a northern reader, as I'm afraid I have too clearly indicated, might find many occasions to differ with Mr. Cate's handling of his subject, he, like any other, will find an enormous interest in it. The biography shows in a now unusual way the career of a fine and gifted man and brings one deeply into a full period of our history. Exceptions to the book as a critical biography only make it more valuable as in itself a source book for the history it treats.

PHILIP BURNHAM

EUGENE O'NEILL: A Poet's Quest. By Richard Dana Skinner. Longmans, Green, $2.00.

A DRAMATIST, or any other creative writer, may lead a double life in his work. He may use themes and motives as they come to him from the vast, many-voiced sounding-board of living, and so treat each subject according to its appeal of the moment — hiding behind characters, and interesting himself primarily in the dramatic values of his plays and in the proper presentation of his story. Yet, in that region of his psyche which for convenience we will call his unconscious, he may give himself away (to the thoughtful few, at least) as revealing under his subject-matter, and back of his external picture of life, the sensitive flux-and-flow of his own soul as it struggles on to the desired goal.

The plays of the poet-playwright are thus masks to be removed by the knowing in order to detect the essential soul-struggle down beneath all his fables. No easy task, this! Apply the theory to Shakespeare and you have the explanation why for 300 years and more critics have been guessing about his views on this, that and the other — including the identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Frank Harris thinks he can decipher the mystery. Most scholars give it up.

This line of thought is suggested by a sympathetic reading of

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R. Dana Skinner's "Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest." Not to perceive that Mr. Skinner is essaying exactly what I have indicated: that is, not an evaluation of the comparative dramatic values of the plays, but rather an enlightened attempt to trace the spiritual to-and-fro of his quest for the harmonic beauty which is life's best justification, is to miss the meaning of his book. One must hail so valiant an effort, whether accepting the point of view or not, recognizing it as a most worthy adventure in serious constructive criticism. Especially is it welcome since our leading contemporary dramatist shows startling contrasts — spiritual ups-and-downs, we may call them. Compare, for example, two such plays as "Desire Under the Elms" and "Days Without End" — the latest drama seen in New York. They might stand for diametrically opposite interpretations of the riddle of human existence.

But it is one of the merits of Mr. Skinner's study that he reconciles all inconsistencies by positing the duality of O'Neill's nature — like the duality of all of us! The author does not make the mistake of arguing from "Days Without End" that O'Neill has reached a point, a sort of intellectual terminal of his career, where the grim contradictions of life which he has long fought merge in a final mood of peace and faith. On the contrary, he frankly concedes that very likely throughout his creation to the last, this playwright, in his representational depictions through story, will be now on the spiritual heights, or heading that way; again in the dark valleys of doubt, well-nigh despair. It is a poet's Pilgrim's Progress he wishes to paint; and such gain as is registered comes out of the painful combat exhibited by his storm-tossed dramatis personae — the masks of his manikins, with the poet concealed behind the synthesis of those masks.

The book makes another point with which I happen to be in complete agreement. Mr. Skinner believes that O'Neill's deepest significance lies in his poetic vision. I, too, have always felt that this dramatist has been injured in the house of his friends who over-emphasize such plays as "Strange Interlude" and "Mourning Becomes Electra" — powerful as they are — and see less of import in other plays like "Beyond The Horizon" (it is the reviewer's gratification that he was one of three committeemen to award the Pulitzer Prize to that drama),

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"Marco Millions," "The Fountain," and "Lazarus Laughed." Among the early one-acters, I think "The Moon of The Caribbees" stands out for excellence just because it poetizes a realistic theme. The very title implies romantic atmosphere. In the final estimate, O'Neill will survive for his poetic interpretation of the human show. Influenced, doubtless, by the scientific determinism of our day, and adopting the current realism of theme and dialogue, nevertheless, O'Neill is at his best when he responds to that lyric cry native to his spirit. It is a merit of the Skinner analysis, it seems to me, that he is aware of this and appraises the work accordingly.

Mr. Skinner's ideology is colored by his sense of spiritual realities, and for this reason plenty of O'Neill students and critics will demur to a treatment which insists on subjecting the poet to concepts which, if not unfamiliar to him, may be to those who would appraise his work and worth. I for one am quite willing to concede Mr. Skinner's approach, since it results in a sympathetic comprehension of the underlying meaning of the twenty-odd dramas of Eugene O'Neill. At times, as I read, I almost wonder if such an insight as is here shown may not reveal O'Neill to himself! The author tells us that it was agreed between O'Neill and himself that the dramatist was not to see the manuscript of the book before publication. This was to give Mr. Skinner a free hand when he strove to offer his own reaction to what he describes as the "inner continuity" of the plays. These deeply suggestive words were written by dramatist to critic: "Whatever 'inner continuity' there may be in these plays, I gladly leave to you to unravel — for whether I shall agree with you or not . . . it is undoubtedly true that an author is not always conscious of the deeper implications of his writings while he is actually at work on them, and perhaps never becomes fully aware of all he has revealed."

One more word as to the method used in unfolding the thesis. The book begins with several preliminary chapters in which the author clearly places O'Neill in his marked individualism always relative to his changing generation. This is ably accomplished. Then follows the remainder of the study in which, in strict chronologic order, the plays are considered. A valuable part of this sequent analysis lies in the fact that

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the playwright has given Mr. Skinner a detailed statement not only of the years of composition, but of the very months or parts of the given year. It is thus disclosed that some dramas had several drafts before completion: "Days Without End," to illustrate, was not finished until a final fourth draft in 1933.

It is impossible to rise from a reflective reading of such a work as this without a sense of gratitude that so penetrating a light has been shed upon the genius of a man so often baffling to a hasty scrutiny, or to an examination less perceptive.

RICHARD BURTON

NOTES OF DEATH AND LIFE. By Theodore Morrison. Thomas Crowell, $2.00.

MR. THEODORE MORRISON has both the naturalness of the born poet and the artistry of the conscious and schooled craftsman. His poetry has accents of high beauty, though the music is present only in notes, and it has also a high seriousness, though that seriousness is often too sober.

In his second volume of poetry, "Notes of Death and Life," he has shown again his absorption in the serious subjects common to poets of all ages. Though we cannot be "lovers of death," he says, "death is no tragedy for those who die," and even those who live find "our thought of death is filial to our thought of life." "Life itself," he proclaims with something of Santayana's philosophy, "contains its ideal goal," and to this goal he has only too evidently given all his "weight of solitary thought," his "own hard wrestling with the world," all that he counts as "fruits of mind."

With these attitudes toward death and life are involved Mr. Morrison's hatred of war, most painfully realized in "A Lay Requiem," most bitterly satirized in "Thoughts on the Present Discontent." But even more bitter is his hatred of the economic struggles that cripple people and nations; he prays for the "more honorable death" of civil war, the "glorious revolution of the exploited." His indignation at war and injustice is nowhere better expressed than in his "Thoughts on the Present Discontent"; and the publication of this poem in a comparatively new and radical magazine is evidence of its very real and pertinent concern with modern problems.

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Mr. Morrison is absorbed also in the forms and techniques of verse which reach back into the past. The predominant meter he uses is blank verse, and the verse patterns in the short lyrics, while freshly and skilfully used, show no great originality. For Mr. Morrison is wisely content to express his own meditations in his own sincere and well-schooled way. That this way shows the discipline of careful attention to form, of respect for the purity and dignity of the English language, is to be admired; that it shows also the restrictions and weaknesses of outmoded fashions of expression is to be regretted.

That absorption in the poetry of the past which colors his poetry unfortunately distracts one from it to the poetry of others. If, as one of our most learned literary critics has said, the mantle of Wordsworth has fallen upon Mr. Morrison, it may be even more true, as another of his fellow poets has concluded, that "not the mantle but the blanket, the carpet of Wordsworth, has fallen upon him and almost crushed him." Not only can the very patterns of that carpet be discerned in some of his poems, but in almost all of them can be found the frayed ends of poetry of another day. Mr. Morrison's ability to use hard words, homely images, telling phrases, such as "nasal drill," a horse "munching his oats and grain," a man "drawing the bedclothes round" — adds definitely a vigorous note of reality and modernity to many of his best poems. His inability to recognize that certain other terms are tag-ends of worn-out fashions of expression, weakens and antiquates and spots others of his verses. It is distinctly annoying to find in all too many of his poems the use of elisions, and of obsolete phrases and terms such as "thus haply," "except it waft," "sole amid," "passing old," and "vale." Like Wordsworth, Mr. Morrison is too given to the use of high-sounding abstractions and terms such as "noble," "soberly," "pious"; like Arnold, he is guilty occasionally of a stiff pedantic tendency to pad.

These defects of Mr. Morrison's thinking and technique are, it seems, so obvious to the modern ear and mind that they cannot be disregarded, and are better recognized so that they may be cleared away for appreciation of his virtues. For virtues, and even charms, his poetry has in fine and solid degree. Mr. Morrison is a poet who thinks consciously and carefully; and

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that is no small credit in these days of cultivation of the subconscious, the abnormal, the merely associated, to the exclusion of the conscious, the healthy and the logical. He has been absorbed in the great human problems of thinking and living; he has sought and found replies

> "To longing that cried out for some clear way
> Toward love and toward high effort."

That he takes his thinking and his poetry too seriously, a common fault of sober young poets, is obvious; that he needs to cultivate and reach that "playfulness," to use Robert Frost's term, which is the result of the objective attitude of the mature artist, is less obvious but more serious. Despite the deep and moving sincerity of "A Lay Requiem," and its faithful yet skilfully modernized use of the classical traditions of pastoral elegy, the whole writing of the poem may be questioned; for the death of a brother by cancer is too near a man for him to write a poem about it that moves, without making uncomfortable the writer and the reader.

In his "Thoughts about the Present Discontent," Mr. Morrison is more successful in his mature handling of material, and most successful in his technique. Here can best be seen his effective use of refrain. The repeating and reweaving of phrases into the fabric of "A Hymn of Earth," the fine picking up and circling back to early motifs in "The Wood Lily," are most musical and lovely — and are evidence of that appreciation and understanding of music which Mr. Morrison expresses with rare ability. The beautiful free rhythms of "The Days of Light," the magical simplicity of the nature lyric "Kindred," the swing of the ballad "Incident of a Voyage from Amsterdam to England," and the splendid vigor of "Stanzas for Epiphany," mark Mr. Morrison as a poet of varied and skilful metrical achievement.

The last poem is the most original and interesting. A drinking and Christmas song, its combination of naïve Christian piety and pagan love of drink and fellowship, of homely realism —

> "Drink a bumper to the donkey and to
> the fleas he dwelt amid"

— and simple beauty and dignity such as the couplet —

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"Certain shepherds there were who came in great awe
To gaze on the young God asleep in the straw"

— make it a joy at every reading.

And while Mr. Morrison is guilty of writing phrases and whole lines of pure prose, he is capable also of writing phrases and verses of inevitable rightness, freshness and loveliness. Such phrases come most often when he is describing nature, as when he says:

"the rainfall, suddenly ceasing, opens the sky,"
"the air is a garment worn by singing birds,"
"the dark-eaved hemlock forest" mirror their "profiles faint in the wavering sheen of the water;"

"a spray of snowy music
Blown lightly from the storm-bound sparrow's throat
In unconsidered earthliness."

His images are fresh and often startling: "the cold-eared stars," "the salty haycocks," "that strange glass, the eye," and "those waxen caves, the ear," the "delicate pander" — the bee — "booming through the leaves." As beautiful as his passages on music are those on light — "Light the impalpable and strange," "the swift of foot," "shining in the barriers of the sea." He manages place names with delight and musical skill.

Such phrases are evidence of the natural gift of the poet; they are evidence also of the cultivated perfection of the artist. Mr. Morrison's music is not always sustained but it is always recurrent. In these days when the extremes of raw and sensational, or erudite and experimental verse are preferred, it is good to be able to congratulate publishers on their taste and courage in printing a book of verse so finished and so serious. It is satisfying to discover a poet who, if he goes on to write verse of a high "playfulness," may well become a most distinguished writer.

MILDRED BOIE

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Contributors' Column

Jesse Stuart ("Songs of a Mountain Plowman") is a Kentucky farmer and school-teacher who is rapidly becoming a poet of considerable note. He is the author of "Man with a Bull-tongue Plow," and we understand that he is contemplating a new book of verse.

Charles Magee Adams ("Recovery of What?") is a columnist and radio editor. He is well-known to North American Review readers through a long series of articles dealing with fundamental problems in present-day American life.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould ("An Essay on Essays") is a distinguished essayist and writer of short stories. She is the author of "The Aristocratic West" and other volumes.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin ("Going after the Cows in a Fog"), whose novel "Red Sky in the Morning" has recently been published by Macmillan, is a well-known poet.

Frank Kent ("New Deal Catharsis") is Editor of the Baltimore Sun. He has done political reporting for over thirty-five years, and is the author of "The Story of Maryland Politics" and "The Democratic Party: History."

George Hull, Jr. ("Profit Sharing") is the son of the George Hull of "Industrial Depressions" fame. In his own book, "Perpetual Prosperity: the Hull Plan" (to which William Lyon Phelps wrote the introduction) he outlines his ideas for a wiser capitalism.

Josephine Niggli ("Mexico, My Beloved") is a young playwright who is studying with the Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill. Her home, however, is in Monterrey, Mexico; and Mexico, "the country I love so much," is the subject of all her work.

Philip Stevenson ("Mexican Small Town") is the author of two novels, "The Edge of the Nest" and "To Saint Luke's." His "God's in His Heaven" has been produced in several cities by the Theatre Union.

Brooke Waring ("Martinez, and Mexico's Renaissance") is herself a talented painter, and the only American pupil of Alfredo Martinez. She has done several murals; and, during December, her paintings are on exhibit at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.

Margaret Partridge Burden ("Name Five Venezuelan Ventriloquists!") is a daughter of the late William Ordway Partridge, the distinguished sculptor. She is a student of painting, and has worked under George Pierce Ennis and other American teachers.

Herbert C. Pell ("Reorganizing These United States") is a former Member of Congress and New York Democratic State Chairman. He is at present engaged mostly in writing.

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Joseph Fulling Fishman ("Old Calamity") was, for more than ten years, the only Inspector of Prisons for the U. S. Government. He is the author of several books on prison problems, and teaches at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

Winfield Townley Scott ("Where Ignorant Armies") has just received the Guarantors' Award, 1935, from Poetry magazine. He is on the staff of the Providence Journal, and of the English Department, Brown University. We do not know whether he is related to the general!

E. H. O'Neill ("Modern American Biography") is a regular contributor to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. His history of American biography has just been published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

William H. and Kathryn Coe Cordell ("Unions among the Unemployed") are husband and wife. Together they edit a yearly anthology of American magazine articles. Mr. Cordell's "Dark Days Ahead for King Cotton" appeared in our September issue.

Frances Frost ("The Plum Tree") is a poet who has frequently honored our pages. Readers will remember her "Road through New Hampshire" which we published last June.

Robert Turney ("Mahaley Mullens") is a former PWA worker whose play, "Daughters of Atreus," is being produced by the Theatre Guild this winter. He has studied dramatics at Columbia, the University of Toronto, in Paris and in Salzburg.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published quarterly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1935.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John Pell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: The North American Review Corporation, 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor: John Pell, 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: James H. Van Alen, 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager: Ira A. Kip, Jr., 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Edgar B. Davis, Luling, Texas; Walter B. Mahony, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN PELL, *Editor.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935.

F. M. MCCLELLAND, *Notary Public.*

(My commission expires March 30, 1936.)
SEAL]

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